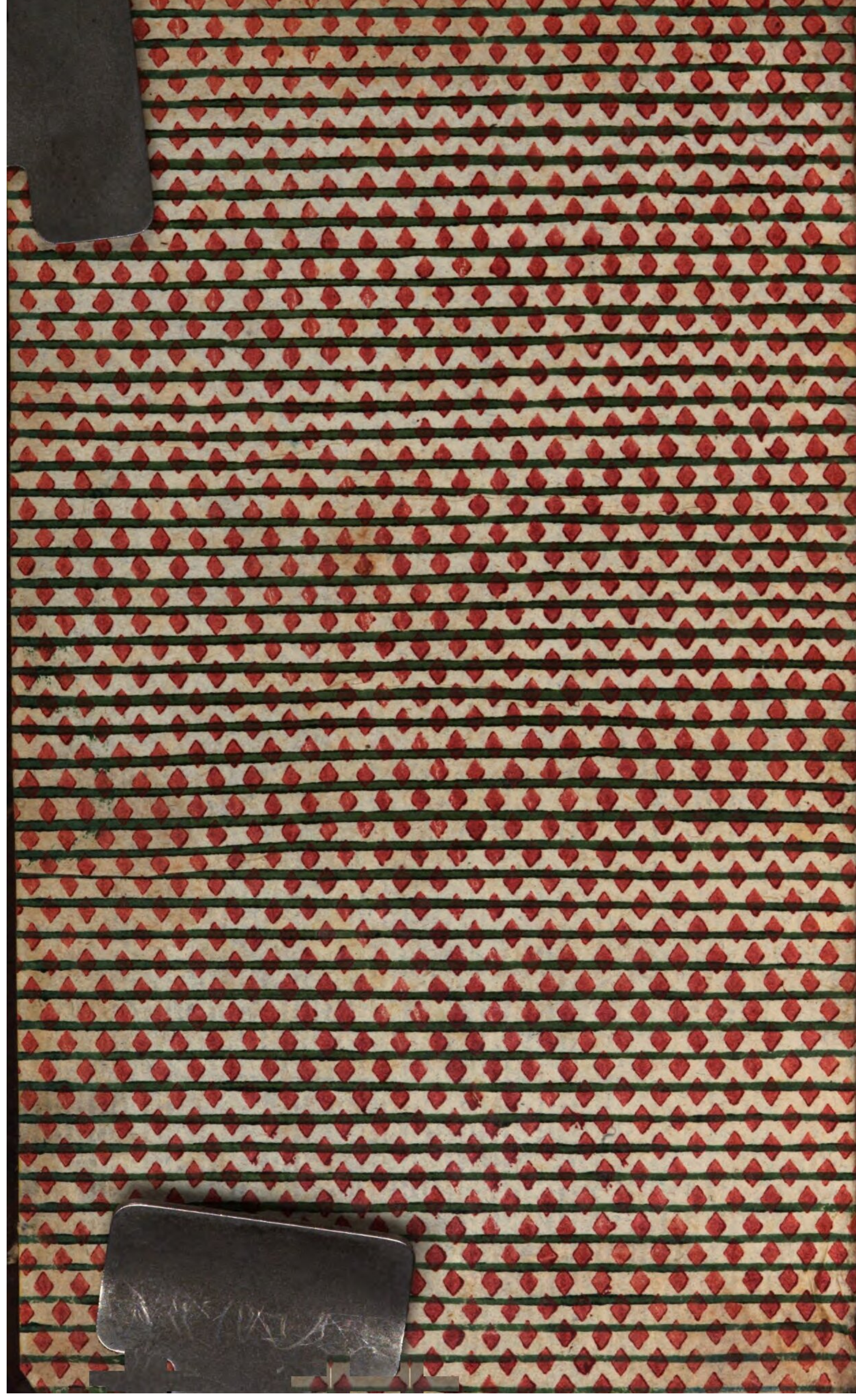






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RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.

VOL. II.

RELIGUES

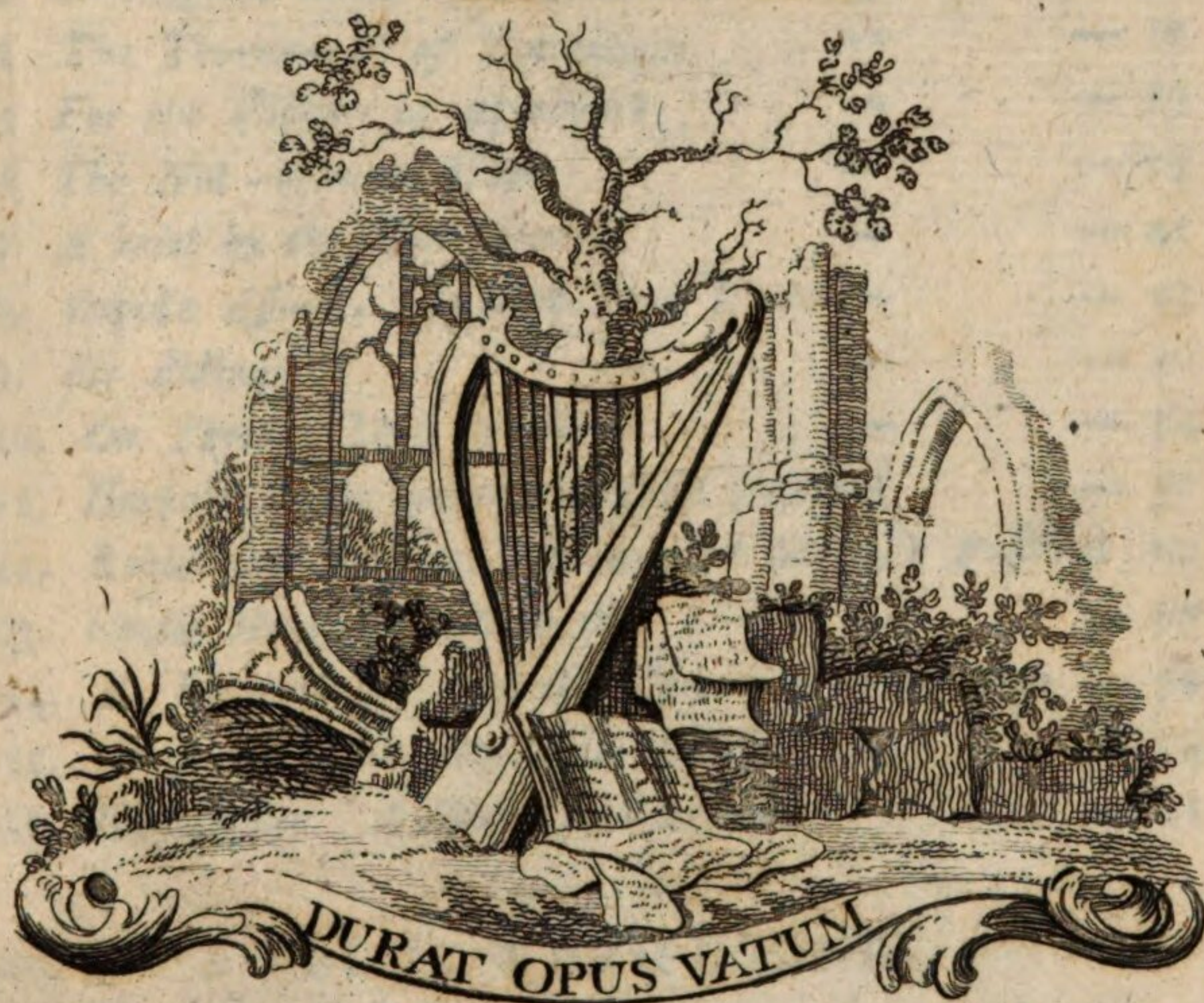
OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.

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RELIQUES
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CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.
VOLUME THE SECOND.



LONDON:
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REFUGES

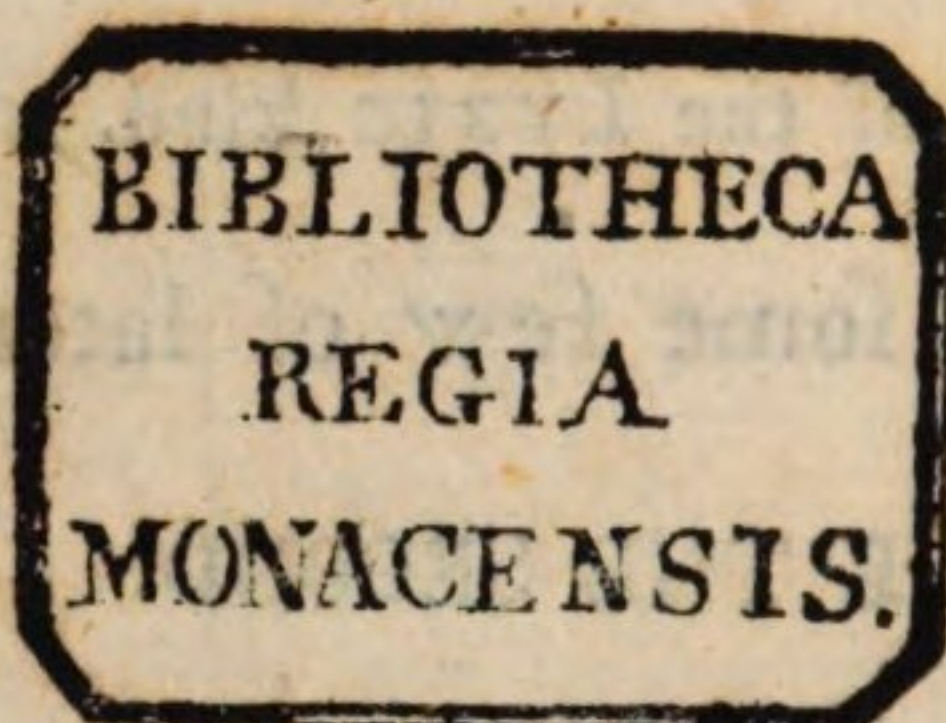
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ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY :

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other

Pieces of our earlier Poets,



Together with some later Poets.



LONDON :

MDCCC.



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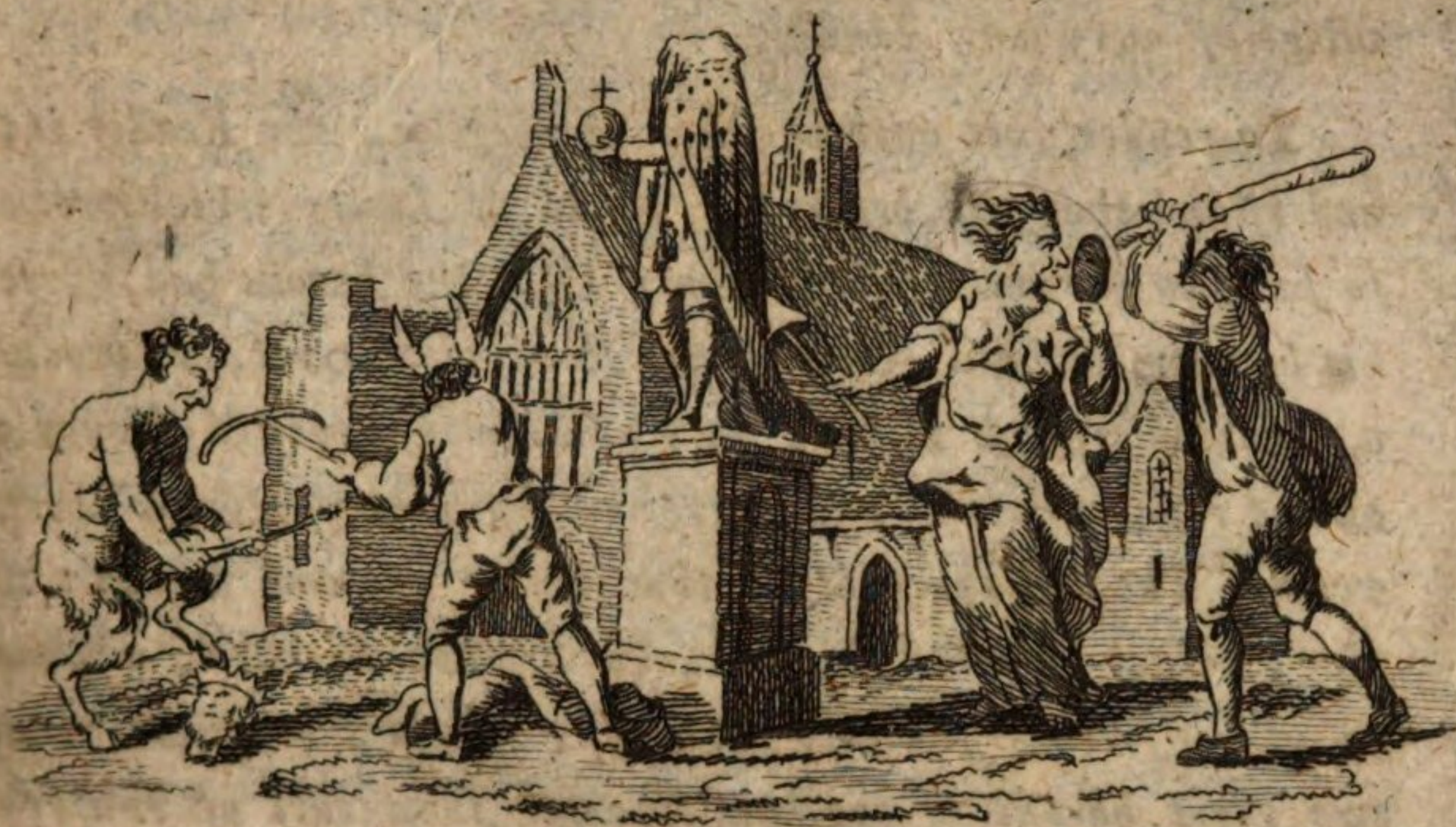
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Though

Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may see
by them how the wind fits: As take a straw and
throw it up into the air, you may see by that, which
way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting
up a stone. More solid things do not shew the com-
plexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

— SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.



ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

“ A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de
“ Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Le-
“ wes, which was fought May 14, 1264, ”

— affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and
shows that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this re-

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A

alm,

alm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the Reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III, the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000l, to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. — The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALINGFORD and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243. — WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. very humorously alludes to some little fact, which history hath not condescended to record. Earl Richard possessed some large WATER-MILLS near Iftleworth, which had been plundered and burnt by the Londoners: in these perhaps by way of defence he had lodged a party of soldiers.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards

wards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th, and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigod once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner; and the í hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
 The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
 Thritti thoufent pound askede he
 For te make the pees in the countre,
 Ant fo he dude more.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Tricthen fhalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
 He fpende al is trefour opon fwyvyng,
 Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
 Maugre Wyndefore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
 He faifede the mulne for a caftel,
 With hare fharpe fwerdes he grounde the ftel;
 He wende that the fayles were mangonel
 To helpe Wyndefore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys hoft,
 Makede him a caftel of a mulne poft,
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boft,
 Brothe from Alemayne mony fori goft
 To ftore Wyndefore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche fynne,
 That lette paffen over fee the erl of Warynne:

He

He hath robbed Engeland, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the felver, and y-boren henne,
For love of Wyndefore. 30
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath fuore bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to is yn,
Ne with fheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn, 35
To help of Wyndefore
Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath fuore bi ys 'fot,'
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he fhulde grante here twelfmoneth scot, 40
Shulde he never more with his fot pot
To helpe Wyndefore.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen shalt thou never more.

*** The SERIES OF POEMS given in this volume will shew the gradual changes of the ENGLISH Language thro' a succession of FIVE HUNDRED years. This and the foregoing article may be considered as specimens of it in its most early state, almost as soon as it ceased to be SAXON. Indeed the annals of this kingdom are written in the Saxon language almost down to the end of K. Stephen's reign: for so far reaches the SAXON CHRONICLE: within little more than a century of the date of this poem.*

A 3

II.

Ver. 38. top. or cop.

Ver. 40. g'te here. MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloss.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD
THE FIRST.

*We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. — To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his elege in the mouth of the POPE; with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no variation

tion of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

A LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
 A stounde herkneth to my song
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
 That maketh me fike, ant forewe among;
 Of a knyght, that wes so strong,
 Of wham God hath don ys wille;
 Me - thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone fhall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for te knowe
 Of wham that song is, that y syng; 10
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
 Zent al this world is nome con springe:
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,
 Ant in werre war ant wys,
 For him we ahte oure honden wryng, 15
 Of Cristendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
 He speke ase mon that wes in care,
 " Clerkes, knyghtes, barons, he sayde,
 " Y charge ou by oure fware, 20
 " That ye to Englonde be trewe.
 " Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;

" Helpeth mi sone , ant crouneth him newe ,

" For he is nest to buen y-core.

" Ich biqueth myn herte aryht,

25

" That hit be write at my devys,

" Over the see that Hue * be diht,

" With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,

" In werre that buen war ant wys,

" Azein the hethene for the fyhte,

30

" To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,

" Myself ycholde zef that y mythe. „

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'finne,'

That thou the counfail woldest fonde,

To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'

35

To wende to the holy londe:

That oure kyng hede take on honde

All Engeland to zeme ant wyffe,

To wenden in to the holy londe

To wynnen us heveriche blisse.

40

The messager to the pope com,

And seyde that oure kyng wes ded:

Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,

Ywis his herte wes ful gret:

The Pope him self the lettre redde,

45

Ant spec a word of gret honour.

" Alas! he seid, is Edward ded?

" Of Cristendome he ber the flour. „

The

* This is probably the name of some person, who was to preside over this business. Ver. 33. funne. MS.
Ver. 35. kyng Edward MS. Ver. 43. ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
 For dol ne mihte he speke na more ; 50
 Ant after cardinals he fende,
 That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
 Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
 Bed hem bothe rede ant syngre:
 Gret deol me mythe se thore, 55
 Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
 With ful gret solempnetè,
 Ther me con the soule bleffe:
 “ Kyng Edward honoured thou be: 60
 “ God love thi sone come after the,
 “ Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
 The holy crois y - mad of tre,
 “ So fain thou woldest hit hav y - wonne,

“ Jerusaleme, thou hast i - lore 65
 “ The flour of al chivalrie
 “ Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
 “ Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
 “ He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
 “ Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
 “ Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70
 “ Er we a such kyng han y - founde.”

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engeland al aplyht,
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then is fader, ne lasse of myht, 75
 A 5 To

Ver. 55. Me, i. e. Men. so in Robert of Cloucester passim.

To holden is pore men to ryht,
 And understonde good counfail,
 Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht;
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel, 80
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,
 The godnefs myht y never telle,
 That with kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys; 85
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys. *

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very naturally englished by our honest countrymen ROUND O. Tho' so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for

* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as evidently spurious, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
 Jesus us fende. Amen.

for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dawn of literature. The ancient Greek poets had their WINGS and AXES : the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU. — Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25. 1400. aged 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will fle me sodenly,
I may the Beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words wil helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will fle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I fey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.

Youre two eyn &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre Beaute fro your herte chafed
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltles my deth thus have ye purchased;
I fey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your Beaute fro your herte chafed.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compased
So grete Beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.

So hath youre Beaute &c.

III. I.

III. I.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
 I do not fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
 For ever mo * this is non other mene.
 Syn I fro love escaped &c.

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

“ OR , THE WOOEING , WINNING , AND WED-
 “ DING OF TIBBE , THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE.,”

It does honour to the good sense of this nation , that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance , two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them , and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of sir Tropas in ridicule of the latter , and in the following poem we have a humourous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide , whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages ,

* Ther.

ages, a question that has lately employed many fine pens *, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular challenge — the appointed day — the lady for the prize — the formal preparations — the display of armour — the scutcheons and devices — the oaths taken on entering the lists — the various accidents of the encounter — the victor leading off the prize, — and, the magnificent feasting, — with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the exercise of the barriers. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's, humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of the keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne de s. Palais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was publish'd from an ancient MS. in 1631 4to, by the rev. Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another treatise intituled Passio Domini Jesu Christi. Bedwell who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own: and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do
 " verily beleve, says he, that this Turnament was acted
 " before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst
 " any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was
 " so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall
 " power? For although they fought not with lances, yet as
 " our authour sayth, "It was no childrens game., And
 " what would have become of him, thinke you, which should
 " have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he
 " not, trow you, have bene HANG'D FOR IT IN EAR-
 " NEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE A DOG-
 " GE?," It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

Without pretending to ascertain the date of this Poem, the obsoleteness of the style shews it to be very ancient: It will appear from the sameness of orthography in the above extract that Bedwell has generally reduced that of the poem to the standard of his own times; yet, notwithstanding this innovation, the phraseology and idiom shew it to be of an early date. The poem had in other respects suffered by the ignorance

rance of transcribers, and therefore a few attempts are here made to restore the text, by amending some corruptions, and removing some redundancies; but lest this freedom should incur censure, the former readings are retained in the margin. A farther liberty is also taken, what is here given for the concluding line of each stanza, stood in the former edition divided as two: e. g.

“ Of them that were doughty,

“ And hardy indeed : „

but they seemed most naturally to run into one, and the frequent neglect of rhyme in the former of them seemed to prove that the author intended no such division.

OF all ‘the’ kene conquerours to carpe is our kinde;
Of fell fighting folke ‘a’ ferly we finde;
The Turnament of Tottenham have I in minde;
It were harme such hardinesse were holden behinde.

In story as we reade,

Of Hawkin, of Harry,

Of Timkin, of Terry,

Of them that were doughty, and hardy in deed.

It befell in Tottenham on a deare day,

There was made a shurting by the highway:

Thither come all the men of that countray

Of Hisselton, of High-gate, and of Hakenay,

And all the sweete fwinkers:

There hopped Hawkin.

There daunced Dawkin,

There trumped Timkin, and were true drinkers.

‘When’

Ver. 1. these. P. C.

Ver. 2. ‘a’ not in P. C.

Ver. 8. indeed. P. C.

‘When’ the day was gone, and eve-fong past,
That they should reck’n their skot, and their counts cast,
Perkin the potter into the presse past,
And sayd, Randill the reve, a daughter thou hast, 20
Tibbe thy deare,

Therefore faine weet would I,
Whether these fellowes or I,
Or which of all this batchelery
Were the best worthy to wed her his fere.

Upstart the gadlings with their lang staves,
And sayd, Randill the reve, lo ! the ladde raves,
How proudly among us thy daughter he craves,
And we are richer men then he, and more good haves,
Of cattell, and of corne.

* Then sayd Perkin, I have hight
 ' To Tibbe in my right
 ' To be ready to fight, and thoughte it were to morne.

Then sayd Randill the reſe, 'Ever' be he waryd
That about this carping lenger would be taryd; 35
I would not my daughter that ſhe were miſkaryd,
But at her moſt worſhip I would ſhe were maryd,
For

Ver. 17. *Till. P. C.* *Ver.* 25. in his fere. *P. C.*

* The latter part of this stanza seemed embarrassed and redundant, we have therefore ventured to contract it. It stood thus;

Then sayd Perkin, to Tibbe I have hight
That I will bee alwaies ready in my right,
With a flayle for to fight
This day feaven-night, and thought it were to morne.

The two last lines seem in part to be borrowed from the following stanza, where they come in more properly.

Ver. 34. Every. P. C.

For the turnament fhall beginne
 This day feav'n - night,
 With a flayle for to fight, 40
 And he, that is moſt of might, fhall brok her with winne.

He that bear'th him beſt in the turnament,
 Shall be graunted the gree, by the common aſſent,
 For to winne my daughter with doughtineſſe of dent,
 And Copple my brood-hen, that was brought out of Kent,
 And my dunned cow: 45

For no ſpence will I ſpare;
 For no cattell will I care;
 He fhall have my gray mare, and my ſpotted ſow.

There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede; 50
 Then they take their leave, and hamward they hede,
 And all the weeke after they gayed her wede,
 Till it come to the day, that they ſhould do their dede:

They armed them in mattes;

They ſet on their nowlls 55

Good blacke bowlls,

To keep their powlls from battering of battes.

They ſewed hem in ſheepſkinnes, for they ſhould not breſt;
 And every ilke of hem a black hatte, inſtead of a creſt,
 A baſket or panyer before on their breſt, 60
 And a flayle in their hande, for to fight preſt,

Forth

Ver. 52. her, i. e. their. Se alſo V. 182.

Ver. 59. ilken. P. C.

Forth the con they fare.

There was kid mickle force,

Who should best fend his corse;

He, that had no good horse, borrowed him a mare. 65

Sich another clothing have I not seene oft,

When all the great company riding to the croft,

Tibbe on a gray-mare was sette up on-loft,

Upon a sacke-full of fenvy, for she should sit soft,

And led till the gappe: 70

Forther would she not than,

For the love of no man,

Till Copple her brood-hen wer brought into her lappe.

A gay girdle Tibbe had borrowed for the nonce;

And a garland on her head full of ruell bones; 75

And a brouch on her brest full of sapphyre stones,

The holyroode tokening was written for the nonce;

For no spendings 'they had spar'd':

When jolly Jenkin wist her thare,

He gurd so fast his gray mare, 80

That she let a fowkin fare at the rere-ward.

I make a vowe, quoth 'he, my capul' is comen of kinde;

I shall fall five in the field, and I my flaile finde.

I make a vowe, quoth Hudde, I shall not leve behinde;

May I meet with lyard or bayard the blinde; 85

I

Ver. 65. Mares were never used in Chivalry: It was beneath the dignity of a knight to ride any thing but a stallion. V. Memoires de la Chevalerie.

Ver. 67. perhaps, rid into. Ver. 78. would they spare. P. C. Ver. 82. Originally it stood thus,

I make a vowe, quoth Tibbe, copple is comen of kinde; but as this evidently has no connection with the lines, that follow the Editor proposes the above emendations.

I wote I fshall them grieve.

I make a vowe , quoth Hawkin,
May I meete with Dawkin,
For all his rich kin, his flaile I fshall him reve.

I make a vow, quoth Gregge, Tibbe thou fshall see 90
Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree:
I fshall fkomfit hem all, for the love of thee:
In what place that I come , they fshall have doubt of mee;
For I am armd at the full:

In my armes I beare wele 95
A doug -trough , and a pele,
A faddle without a pannele , with a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe , quoth Dudman , and beare me bet about,
I make a vow , they fshall aby e that I finde out,
Have I twice or thrice ridden thorough the rout, 100
In what place that I come , of me they fshall ha doubt,
Mine armes bene so clere;

I beare a riddle and a rake,
Powder'd with the brenning drake,
And three cantles of a cake, in ilka cornere. 105

I make a vowe, quoth Tirry , and fweare by my crede,
Saw thou never young boy forther his body bede;
For when they fight fastest, and most are in drede,
I fshall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede:

Then bin mine armes best; 110
I beare a pilch of ermin,
Powderd with a cats fkinne,
The cheefe is of perchmine , that stond'th on the crest.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and sweare by the stra,
 While I am most merry, thou gettst her not swa; 115
 For she is well shapen, as light as a rae,
 There is no capull in this mile before her will ga;
 Shee will me not beguile;

I dare soothly say,

Shee will be a monday 120

Fro Hisselton to Hacknay, nought other halfe mile.

I make a vow, quoth Perkin, thou carpst of cold roft;
 I will wirke wislier without any boast;
 Five of the best capulls, that are in this host,
 I will hem lead away by another cost; 125

And then laugh Tibbe,

Wi' loo, boyes, here is hee,

That will fight and not flee,

For I am in my jollity; Ioo foorth, Tibbe.

When they had their oathes made, forth can they 'he' 130
 With flailes, and harnisse, and trumps made of tre:
 There were all the bachelers of that countre;
 They were dight in aray, as themselves would be:

Their banner was full bright,

Of an old rotten fell, 135

The cheefe was a plowmell,

And the shadow of a bell, quartered with the moone-light.

I wot it was no childrens game, when they together mette,
 When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bette,
 And layd on stifly, for nothing would they lette, 140
 And fought ferly fast, till 'theire' horses fwette;

And

And few wordes were spoken :

There were flailes all to flatterd ,

There were shields all to clatterd ,

Bowles and dishes all to batterd , and many heads broken.

There was clenking of cart-saddles , and clattering of
cannes, 145

Of fell frekes in the field , broken were their fannes ;

Of some were the heads broken , of some the braine-pannes ,

And evill were they befene , ere they went thance ,

With swipping of swipples : 150

The ladds were so weary for fought ,

That they might fight no more on-loft ,

But creeped about in the croft , as they were crooked
cripples.

Perkin was so weary , that he beganne to lowte ,

Help , Hudde , I am dead in this ilk rowte : 155

An horse for forty pennys , a good and a stowte ;

That I may lightly come of mine owne owte ;

For no cost will I spare.

He starte up as a snaile ,

And hent a capull by the taile , 160

And raught of Dankin his flayle , and wanne him a mare.

Perkin wan five , and Hudde wan twa :

Glad and blithe they were , that they 'had' done sa :

They would have them to Tibbe , and present her with tha :

The capuls were so weary , that they might not ga , 165

B 3

But

Ver. 145, heads there were.

Ver. 164, would not have, *P. C.*

But still can they 'fonde.'

Alas! quoth Hudde, my joy I leese
Mee had lever then a stone of cheese,
That deare Tibbe had all these, and wist it were my fonde.

Perkin turned him about in the ilk throng, 170
He fought freshly, for he had rest him long;
He was ware of Tirry take Tibbe by the hond,
And would have led her away with a love-song;

And Perkin after ran,
And of his capull he him drowe, 175
And gave him of his flayle inowe;
Then te, he! quoth Tibbe, and lowe, ye are a doughty
man.

Thus they tugged, and they rugged, till it was nigh
night:

All the wives of Tottenham come to see that fight;
To fetch hom their husbands, that were them trough
plight, 180

With wispes and kixes, that was a rich fight;
Her husbands home to fetch.

And some they had in armes,
That were feeble wretches,
And some on wheel-barrowes, and some on critches. 185

They gatherd Perkin about on every side,
And grant him there the gree, the more was his pride:
Tib and hee, with great mirth, hameward can ride,
And were all night together, till the morrow tide;

And

And to church they went: 190

So well his needs he has sped,

That deare Tibbe he shall wed;

The cheefemen that her hither lead, were of the turnament.

To the rich feast come many for the nonce;

Some come hop-halte, and some tripping thither on the
stones; 195

Some with a staffe in his hand, and some two at once;

Of some were the heads broken; of some the shouldebones:

With sorrow come they thither:

Wo was Hawkin; wo was Harry:

Wo was Tymkin; wo was Tirry; 200

And so was all the company, but yet they come together.

At that feast were they served in rich aray;

Every five and five had a cokeneey;

And so they sat in jollity all the long day:

Tibbe at night, I trowe, had a simple aray; 205

Mickle mirth was them among:

In every corner of the house

Was melody delicious,

For to hear precious of six mens song.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given meerly as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in

the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and myzt of chivalry;
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry

Deo gratias:

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He sette a fege, the sothe for to say,
 To Harflu toune with ryal aray;
 That toune he wan, and made a fray,
 That Fraunce shal rywe tyl domes day.

Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe bofte;
 He spared no drede of leste, ne most,
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
 Were take, and flayne, and that wel sone,

And

The Notes referred to Vol. 2^d pag. 24

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria

Owr Kynge went forth to Normandy with grace and
myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hym wrouzt marvelously

Wherefore Englonde may call and cry *Deo Gratias*

Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.

To come in at the End of Vol. 2^d

This is which I learned & read & appears to be the 1st Edition: it is signed the 1st time at the bottom of the leaf: the 2^d begins at folio 74.

The 2/3rd of the 1st of 1794

the right of the

Out. House. What. told to Governor.

A close-up of a single page from an ancient manuscript. The page is made of aged, yellowed parchment or paper. A series of small, dark, circular marks, possibly ink or wax, are arranged in a slightly curved line across the page. The marks are of varying sizes and are somewhat irregular. The background of the page shows some texture and slight discoloration.

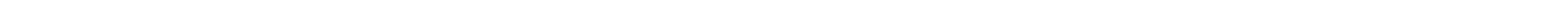
A close-up of a single page of aged, yellowed musical manuscript paper. The paper shows significant water damage, including large brown stains and numerous dark, circular spots (foxing) along the bottom edge. Faint horizontal lines are visible across the page.

the God for his work

Dr. William H. ...

11

to come up at the end of 1852.



And some were ledde in to Lundone 25

With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,

His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,

Gef hym gode lyfe, and gode endynge, 30

That we with merth move favelly synge,

Deo gratias:

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria,

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

*The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's HENRY AND EMMA, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in a more correct manner, than almost any other Poem in these volumes, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the PROLUSIONS 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the correct copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book * preserved in the pu-*

B 5

blic

* This (which a learned friend supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio : the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf; the Song begins at folio 75,

blic Library at Cambridge. All the various reading of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will shew where they occur. It does honour to the critical sagacity of that gentleman, that almost all his conjectural readings, are found to be the established ones of this edition. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one line that will be found in its due place.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. Mat. Prior published it in the folio edition of his poems, 1718, as then "300 years old." In making this decision he was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's, preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No. 3777.] The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas More's tale of THE SERJEANT &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have
named

named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Floddenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,

“ Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
 “ That I may ’say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
 “ And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
 “ And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
 “ I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
 “ That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
 “ Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as *Wanley and Prior*, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them wele; for never a dele
 They love a man agayne:
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne

Yet,

Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr fyrst true lover than
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.

10

I say nat, nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That womans fayth is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd:

15

But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case myght be layd,
 That they love true, and continuè:
 Recorde the not - browne mayde;
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

20

Than betwayne us late us dyscus
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also
 Tell all the payne, and fere,
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me answère;

25

30

Wherefore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere.
 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secreet as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man.

35

SHE

S H E.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll

In this wyll nat refuse;

Truſtying to ſhewe, in wordès fewe,

That men have an yll uſe

40

(To theyr owne ſhame) women to blame,

And cauſeleſſe them accuſe:

Therefore to you I anſwere nowe,

All women to excuſe, —

Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?

45

I pray you, tell anone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

H E.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do

Wherof grete harme ſhall growe:

50

My deſtiny is for to dy

A ſhamefull deth, I trowe;

Or elles to fle: the one muſt be;

None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe as an outlawe,

55

And take me to my bowe.

Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true!

None other rede I can;

For I muſt to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyſhed man.

60

S H E.

O lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe,

That chaungeth as the mone!

My ſomers day in luſty may

Is derked before the none.

I

I here you say, farewell; Nay, nay; 65

We départ nat so sone:

Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?

Alas! what have ye done?

All my welfàre to sorowe and care

Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

H E.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,

And somwhat you dystrayne:

But, afterwarde, your paynes harde 75

Within a day or twayne

Shall sone aflake; and ye shall take

Comfort to you agayne.

Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,

Your labour were in vayne. 80

And thus I do; and pray you to,

As hartely, as I can;

For I must to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Now, fyth that ye have shewed to me 85

The secret of your mynde,

I shall be playne to you agayne,

Lyke as ye shall me fynde:

Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,

I wolle not leve behynde; 90

Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd

Was to her love unkynde:

Make

Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 95
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say:
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away; 100
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode yon to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay:
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105
 Be called an yll woman,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banished man.

S H E.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame; 110
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name:
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, 115
 To part with you, the same;
 And sure all tho, that do not so,
 True lovers are they none:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 120

H E.

H E.

I counceyle you, remember howe

It is no maydens lawe,

Nothyng to dout, but to renne out

To wode with an outlawe:

For ye must there in your hand bere

125

A bowe, redy to drawe;

And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,

Ever in drede and awe;

Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:

Yet had I lever than,

130

That I had to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,

It is no maydens lore:

But love may make me, for your sake,

135

As I have sayd before

To come on fote, to hunt, and fhote

To gete us mete in store;

For so that I your company

May have, I aske no more:

140

From which to part, it maketh my hart

As colde as ony stone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

H E.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,

145

That men hym take and bynde;

Without pytè, hanged to be,

And waver with the wynde.

If

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
 What rescous coude ye fynde? 150
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than:
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght;
 No womanhede it is, indede,
 To be bolde as a knyght: 160
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save; as woman have 165
 From deth 'men' many one:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,

The

Ver. 150. focours. Prol. Ver. 162. and night. Camb. Copy.
Ver. 164. To helpe ye with my myght. Prol.

The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne;
 And, us above, none other rofe 175
 But a brake bush, or twayne:
 Which sone fholde greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 180

S H E.

Syth I have here bene partynere
 With you of joy and blyffe,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is: 185
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre;
 And, fhortely, it is this:
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat fare amyffe.
 Without more speche, I you besече
 That we were sone agone; 190
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There fhall no mete be for you gete, 195
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 Ne fhetés clene to lye betwene,
 Maden of threde and twyne;

None

Ver. 174. Ye must. Prol. Ver. 190. fhortley gone. Prol.
Ver. 196. Neyther bere. Prol.

None other house, but leues and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne. 200

O myne harte fwete, this evyll dyete
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Amonge the wylde dere, such a archère, 205

As men say that ye be,

Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,

Where is so grete plentè:

And water clere of the ryvére

Shall be full fwete to me; 210

With which in hele I shall ryght wele

Endure, as ye shall see:

And, or we go, a bedde or two

I can provyde anone;

For in my mynde, of all mankynde 215

I love but you alone.

H E.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,

Yf ye wyll go with me:

As cut your here up by your ere,

Your kyrtel by the kne; 220

With bowe in hande, for to withstande

Your enemyes, yf nede be:

C 2

And

Ver. 207. May ye nat fayle. Prol.

Ver. 219. above your ere. Prol.

Ver. 220. above the kne. Prol.

And this fame nyght before day-lyght,

To wode-warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,

225

Do it fhortely as ye can;

Els wyll I to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

I fhall as nowe do more for you

Than longeth to womanhede;

230

To fhorte my here, a bowe to bere,

To fhote in tyme of nede.

O my fwete mother, before all other

For you I have most drede:

But nowe, adue! I must enfue,

235

Where fortune doth me lede.

All this make ye: Now let us fle;

The day cometh fast upon;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

240

H E.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye fhall nat go,

And I fhall tell ye why, —

Your appetyght is to be lyght

Of love, I wele espy:

For, lyke as ye have fayed to me,

245

In lyke wyfe hardely

Ye wolde anfwere whosoever it were,

In way of company.

It

It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;

And so is a womàn.

250

Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede

Such wordes to say by me;

For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,

255

O I you loved, pardè:

And though that I of auncestry

A barons daughter be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved,

A squyer of lowe degré;

260

And ever shall, whatso befall;

To dy therfore anone;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

H E.

A barons chylde to be begylde!

265

It were a cursed dede;

To be felàwe with an outlawe!

Almyghty God forbede!

Yet beter were, the pore squyere

Alone to forest yede,

270

Than ye fholde say another day

That, by my cursed dede

C 3

Ye

Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go. Prol.

Ver. 253. yet is. Camb. Copy - Perhaps for yt is.

Ver. 262. dy with him. Editor's MS.

Ye were betrayd : Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 275

S H E.

Whatever befall, I never fshall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd. 280
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the not-browne mayd.
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy 285
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Yf that ye went, ye fholde 'repent;
 For in the forest nowe 290
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you;
 Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 And of you bothe eche fholde be wrothe 295
 With other, as I trowe:

I

Ver. 278. outbrayd. Prol.
Ver. 282. ye be as. Prol.
Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. Prol.

I were myne ese, to lyve in pefe;
 So wyll I, yf I can;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go
 Alone, a banyshed man. 300

S H E.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your:
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
 And courteys every hour;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power;
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 'Of them I wolde be one;' 310
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe: 320

C 4

Be

*Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
 Yet wolde I be that one.*

Ver. 315. of all. Prol.

Be nat difmayed; whatsoever I fayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I will nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyfhed man.

S H E.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were fure they fholde endure:
 But it is often fene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyfe, they fpeke
 The wordés on the fplene. 330
 Ye fhape some wyle me to begyle,
 And ftele from me, I wene:
 Than, were the cafe worfe than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ye fhall nat nede further to drede;
 I will nat dyfparage
 You, (God defend!) fyth ye descend
 Of fo grete a lynàge. 340
 Nowe undyrftande; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
 As fhortely as I can:

Thus have you won an erlys fon,
 And not a banyfhed man.,,

A U.

Ver. 325. gladder. Prol. V. 340. grete lynyage. Prol.
V. 347. Then have. Prol. V. 348. And no banyfhed. Prol.

AUTHOR.

" Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable: 350

Late never man reprove them than,

Or call them variable;

But, rather, pray God, that we may

To them be comfortable.

Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355

Yf they be charytable.

For fyth men wolde that women fholde

Be meke to them each one;

Moche more ought they to God obey,

And serve but hym alone. 360

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gailant Earl Rivers has been placed by the lively Editor of the Catal. of Noble Authors, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine

C 5

picture

Ver. 352. This line wanting in Prol.

Ver. 355. proved—loved. Prol. Ib. as loveth, Camb.

Ver. 357. Forsoth. Prol.

picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

The verses are preserved by ROUSE a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem - fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: *Sum what musyng &c.* "Rossi Hist. 8vo 2 Edit. p. 213." The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721. pag. 555. beginning thus,

" Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,

" And sore sighyng, All desolate.

" Me remembryng Of my livyng

" My death wisbyng Bothe erly and late.

" Infortunate Is so my fate

" That wote ye what, Out of mesure

" My life I hate; Thus desperate

" In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUMWHAT musyng, and more mornyng,

In remembring the unстыdfastnes;

This world being of such whelyng,

Me contrarieng, what may I gesse?

I fere dowlles, remediles, 5

Is now to fese my wofull chaunce.

Lo 'is' this traunce now in substaunce,

* * * * * fuch is my dawnce.

Wylyng to dye, me thynkys truly

Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content: 10

Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry

All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,

Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!

But I ne went thus to be fhent, 15

But fho hit ment, fuch is hur won.

VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY NICH. LORD VAUX.

The Reader will observe that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' almost contemporaries. Sir Nicholas (afterwards lord) Vaux was a shining ornament in the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523. See the ballad, I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE, in the next volume.

The following piece (printed from Surrey's poems, 1559. 4to) is attributed to lord Vaux by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589. 4to." Take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Aétion] the lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making,

Ver. 7. in this. Rossi Hist. Ver. 15. went, i. e. weened.

“ making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but
 “ having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie repre-
 “ senting the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently
 “ well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction
 “ in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest
 “ part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended.
 “ WHEN CUPID SCALED, &c., p. 200. — For a far-
 ther account of this ancient peer and poet see *Mr. Walpole's*
Noble Authors. vol. I.

WHEN Cupide scaled fyrst the fort,
 Wherin my hart lay wounded fore;
 The battery was of such a fort,
 That I must yelde or dye therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall, 5
 How he is banner did display.
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to cal,
 And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupyde bare,
 Wer pearced hartes with teares besprent 10
 In silver and fable to declare
 The stedfast love, he alwaies ment.

There myght you see his band al drest
 In colours lyke to white and blacke,
 With powder and with pellets prest 15
 To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good-wil, the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
 For spence of powder he spared not
 Assault! assault! to crye aloude, 20

There

There might you heare the cannons rore;
 Eche piece discharged a lovers loke;
 Which had the power to rent, and tore
 In any place wheras they toke.

And even with the trumpets fowne 25
 The scaling ladders wer up fet,
 And Beauty walked up and downe,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Defire began to scale,
 And fhrouded him under his targe; 30
 As one the worthiest of them al,
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed fouldiers with their pykes,
 And halberders with handy strokes;
 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes, 35
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is 'now' fouldiers use
 When shot and powder gynes to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded for my livès grant. 40

When Fanfy thus had made her breache,
 And Beauty entred with her bande,
 With bag and baggage, fely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blow retrete, 45
 And every fouldiour to retyre,
 And Mercy 'milde' with spede to fet
 Me captive bound as prifoner.

Madame,

Madame, quod I, fith that this day
 Hath ferved you at all affayes, 50
 I yelde to you without delay
 Here of the fortrefse all the kayes:

And fith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you fhot at with your eye;
 Nedes must you with your handy warke 55
 Or falve my fore, or let me die.

IX.

S I R A L D I N G A R.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of 3 or 4 stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

O UR kyng he kept a false stewarde,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falser steward than he was one,
 Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
 Her deere worshippe to betraye:
 Our queene fhee was a good womàn,
 And evermore fayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
 With her hee was never content, 10
 Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There

There came a lazar to the kings gate,

A lazar both blindè and lame :

He tooke the lazar upon his backe,

19

And on the queenes bed him layne.

Lye still , lazàr , wheras thou lyeft,

Looke thou go not hence away ;

Ile make thee a whole man and a found

In two howers of the day. „

20

Then went him forth fir Aldingar,

And hyed him to our king :

“ If I might have grace , as I have space ,

“ Sad tydings I could bring. „

Saye on , faye on , fir Aldingar,

25

Saye on the foothe to mee.

“ Our queene hath chofen a new new love ,

“ And fhee will have none of thee.

“ If fhee had chofen a right good knight,

“ The leffe had beene her fhame ;

30

“ But fhe hath chofe her a lazar man ,

“ A lazar both blinde and lame. „

If this be true , fir Aldingar,

The tydings thou telleft to me ,

Then I will make thee a riche riche knight,

35

Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be falfe , fir Aldingar ,

As God nowe grant it bee !

Thy bodye , I fweare by the holye rood ,

Shall hang on the gallows tree.

40

He

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.

A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou wert a man, as thou art none, 45
Here on my fword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes fhall now be built,
And there fhalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyffe,
And an angry man was hee; 50
And foone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see;
Heere you have chofen a newe newe love, 55
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chofen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your fhame:
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar bot blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyer there fhall be built
And brent all fhalt thou bee. —
Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene, 65
My heart with grieve will braft.
I had thought fwevens had never beene true;
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt a fweven on thurfday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye, 70
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beaft
Had carried my crowne awaye;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere :
And he wolde worrye me with his tufh 75
And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall. — 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wolde I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, 85
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right.,

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin : 90
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.,

Then fhee fent east, and fhee fent west,
By north and fouth bedeene:
But never a champion colde fhe find, 95
Wolde fight with that knight foe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had;
 Many a teare fhed our comelye queene,
 And aye her hart was fad. 100

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
 And knelt upon her knee,
 "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe,
 And with the fame me binde;
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde., 105

Then forth fhe rode on a faire palfraye
 Oer hill and dale about: 110
 But never a champion colde fhe finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight fo stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
 When our good queene must dye;
 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle, 115
 When fhe found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
 And the falt teares fell from her eye:
 When lo! as fhe rode by a rivers fide,
 She met with a tinye boye. 120

A tinye boye fhe mette, God wot,
 All clad in mantle of golde;
 He seemed noe more in mans likenèffe,
 Then a child of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damfelle faire, he fayd, 125

And what doth cause you moane?

The damfell fcant wolde deigne a looke

But faft ſhe pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,

And greete thy queene from mee: 130

When bale is att hyeft, boote is nyeft,

Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what ſhe dreamt

In her bedd, wheras ſhee laye;

How when the grype and the grimly beaft 135

Wolde have carried her crowne awaye.

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,

And ſaved her from his clawes:

Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,

For heaven will fende her cauſe. 140

Back then rode that faire damselle,

And her hart it lept for glee:

And when ſhe told her gracious dame

A gladd woman was ſhee.

But when the appointed day was come, 145

No helpe appeared nye:

Then woeful, woeful was her hart,

And the teares ſtood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;

And a ſtake was made of tree; 150

And now queene Elinore forth was led,

A ſorrowful ſight to ſee.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And three times spake on hye:
 Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155
 Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
 No helpe appeared nye:
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queen Elinore she must dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee;
 When riding upon a little white steed,
 The tynye boye they see.

“Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165
 And loose our comelye queene:
 I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
 But when he saw the chylde, 170
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
 And weened he had been beguylde.

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
 And eyther fighte or flee;
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175
 Thoughe I am so small to see.

The boye pulld forth a well good fworde
 So gilt it dazzled the ee;
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
 Smote off his leggs by the knee, 180

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitore,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thriveſt, as thou beginneſt,
Of height wee ſhal be meete.

A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingar, 185
While I am a man alive.

A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingar,
Me for to houzle and ſhrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene
Bot ſhee wolde never conſent; 190
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195
And on her bedd him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
Theſe tidings fore to tell.
But ever alacke! ſayes Aldingar,
Faliſing never doth well. 200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The ſhort time I muſt live.
Nowe Chriſt forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harrye, 205
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Chriſtentye,
A truer and fairer wiſe,

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,

And loofed her full sone:

210

Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;

— The boye was vanifht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,

And stroakt him with his hand:

The lazar under the gallowes tree

215

All whole and founde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree]

Was comelye, straight and tall;

King Henrye made him his head stewarde

To wayte withinn his hall.

220

*
*
*

X.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower Jun. 11. 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary WILL of his master; but let it be considered that this
master

master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. — The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intituled “A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called TROLLE ON AWAY.,” To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.

Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell

Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwel,

Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away.

When fortune loky'd the in thy face,

Thou haddyft fayre tyme, but thou lackydyft grace; 5

Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydyft a pace.

Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyft,

Thou lockydyft them vp where no man wyft,

Tyll in the kynges treasoure fuche thinges were myft.

Synge, &c.

Both cruft and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10

Thy marchaundyfe fayled over the fandes,

Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace!

Perceyud myfchefe kyndlyd in thy face,

Then it was tyme to purchase the a place. 15

Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys feruyture,
 But thou, as a wretche, fuche thinges dyd procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
 One God, one fayth, and one kinge catholyke, 20
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre,
 But euer was full of iniquite;
 Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
 Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke,
 Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quicke.
Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
 Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;
 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten foules. 30
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
 Whyther of Chayme, or Syfchemell,
 Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
 But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy fhoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

Who

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose,
Wherfore al Englande doth hate the as I suppose,
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest haue learned thy cloth to focke, 40
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his pover,
And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,
With all hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.
Hevy and how rombelove trolle on awaye.

XI.

H A R P A L U S.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is pre-

sumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

*Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR *, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHILLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

But Phillida was al tò coye,
For Harpalus to winne: 10
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often woold she flowers twine?
How often garlants make
Of couflips and of culumbine? 15
And al for Corin's sake.

But

* First published in 1579.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For once he was beguilde.

20

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay;
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

25

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong al unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

30

His eyes were red, and all forwacht,
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,
In middes of his dispaire.

35

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was hee;
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreathe of willowe tree.

40

His beastes he kept upon the hill,
And he fate in the dale;
And thus with fighes and sorrows shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;

45

Unhappiest under funne!

The cause of thine unhappie day,

By lowe was first begunne.

For thou wenest first by fute to seeke

A tygre to make tame,

50

That fettes not by thy love a leeke;

But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to converte

The frost into a flame;

As for to turne a frowarde herte,

55

Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carèlesse:

He leapes among the leaves:

He eates the fruites of thy redresse:

Thou reapest, he takes the sheaves.

60

My beastes a while your foode refraine,

And harke your herdmans founde:

Whom spitefull love, alas! hath flaine,

Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastes wilde,

65

That here your pasture takes:

I see that ye be not beguilde

Of theefe your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:

The bucke harde by the doe:

70

The turtle dove is not unkinde

To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:

The yong cowe hath the bulle:

The calfe with many a lusty lambe

Do feede their hunger full.

75

But, wel - a - way! that nature wrought

Thee, Phillida, so faire:

For I may say that I have bought

Thy beauty all to deare.

80

What reason is that cruelty

With beauty should have part?

Or els that such great tyranny

Should dwell in womans hart?

I fe therefore to shape my deathe

She cruelly is prest;

To th' end that I may want my breathe:

My dayes ben at the best.

85

O Cupide, graunt this my request,

And do not stoppe thine eares;

That shee may feele within her breste

The paines of my dispaire:

90

Of Corin 'whoe' is carèlesse,

That she may crave her fee:

As I have done in greate distresse,

That lovd her faithfullye.

95

But since that I shal die her slave;

Her slave, and eke her thrall:

Write you, my friendes, upon my grave

This chaunce that is befall.

100

“ Here

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
 “ By cruell love now flaine:
 “ Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
 “ Hath mured with difdaine.”

XII.

RORIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy, is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The reader will decide their respective merits. The author of this poem has one advantage over his rival, in having his name handed down to us. Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for it) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give no better account of him, than what is contained in the following elege, writ by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

“ In Dumferling, he [death] bath tane Broun,
 “ With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.”

In Ramsey's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence this distich, and the following beautiful poem are extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces, by Henryson; the one intituled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS.

RObin sat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,

Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,

“ O Robin rew on me.

“ I haif three luivt baith loud and still, 5

“ Thir towmonds twa or thre:

“ My dule in dern but gif thou dill,

„ Doubtless bot dreid I die. „

Robin replied, Now by the rude,

Naithing of luv I knaw, 10

But keip my fheip undir yon wod:

Lo quhair they raik on raw.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,

Thou Makyne to me schaw;

Or quhat is luv, or to be lude? 15

Fain wald I leir that law.

“ The law of luv gin thou wald leir,

“ Tak thair an A, B, C;

“ Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,

“ Wyle, hardy, kind and frie, 20

“ Sae that nae danger do the deir,

“ What dule in dern thou drie;

“ Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,

“ Be patient and privie. „

Robin, he answert her again, 25

I wat not quhat is luv,

But I haif marvel uncertain

Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.

The

The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
 My fheep gais hail abuve, 30
 Gif we fould pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

" Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 " And do all as I reid;
 " And thou fall haif my heart all hale, 35
 " Eik and my mayden-heid:
 " Sen God, he fends bute for bale,
 " And for murning remeid,
 " I dern with thee but give I dale,
 " Doubtless I am but deid. " 40

Makyne, the morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my fheip may gang befye,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;,
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45
 Frae thay begin to fteir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

" Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
 " I luvè but thee alane. ,, 50
 Makyne, adjeu! the fun goes west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.
 " Robin, in dule I am so drest,
 " That luvè will be my bane.,,
 Makyne, gae luvè quhair eir ye list, 55
 For lemans I luid nane.

" Robin,

" Robin, I stand in sic a style,

" I fisch and that full fair.,"

Makyne, I have bene here this quyle,

At hame I wish I were. 60

" Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,

" Gif thou will do nae mair.,"

Makyne, fom other man beguyle,

For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went, 65

As light as leif on tree;

But Makyne murnt and made lament,

Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre he bent:

Then Makyne cried on hie, 70

" Now may thou sing, for I am fhent!

" Quhat can ail lue at me?,"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,

And weirylic could weip;

Then Robin in a full fair dale 75

Assemblit all his fheip.

Be that some part of Makyne's ail,

Out-throw his heart could creip,

Hir fast he followt to assail,

And till her tuke gude keip. 80

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,

A word for ony thing;

For all my lue, it fall be thyne,

Withoutten departing.

All hale thy heart for till have myne , 85
 Is all my coveting ;
 My fheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne ,
 Will mifter nae keiping.

“ Robin , thou haft heard fung and fay ,
 “ In jests and storys auld , 90
 “ The man that will not when he may ,
 “ Sall have nocht when he wald.
 “ I pray to heaven baith nicht and day ,
 “ Be eikd their cares fae cauld ,
 “ That presses first with thee to play 95
 “ Be forrest , firth , or fauld. ,”

Makyne , the nicht is soft and dry ,
 The wether warm and fair ,
 And the grene wod richt neir hand by ,
 To walk attowre all where : 100
 There may nae janglers us espy ,
 That is in luve contrair ;
 Therein , Makyne , baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repair.

“ Robin , that warld is now away , 105
 “ And quyt brocht till an end ,
 “ And neir again thereto perfay ,
 “ Sall it be as thou wend ;
 “ For of my pain thou made but play ,
 “ I words in vain did spend ; 110
 “ As thou hast done fae fall I fay ,
 “ Murn on , I think to mend. ,”

Makyne ,

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,

My heart on thee is fet;

I'll evermair to thee be leil,

115

Quhyle I may live but lett,

Never to fail as uthers feil,

Quhat grace fo eir I get.

"Robin, with thee I will not deal;

"Adieu, for this we met."

120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,

Outowre the holtis hair,

Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;

Scho fang, and he ficht fair;

Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,

125

In dolor and in care,

Keipand his herd under a heuch,

Amang the rusky gair.

XIII.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his colloquy, intitled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the

rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to OUR LADY OF WAL-SINGHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS, which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness are in this one ballad distinguished by italicks.

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

“Unto the towne of Walsingham
“The way is hard for to be gone;
“And verrey crooked are those pathes
“For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thrife,
And the way never foe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence;
Itt is foe grievous and foe ill.

“Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
“Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
“Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
“For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes,

Yes, herdsman, yes, foe woldst thou say,
 If thou knewest foe much as I;
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have well deserved for to dye. 20

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes, and sexe doe differ farr,
 I am a woman, woe is me!
 Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25
 My wayward cruelty could kill:
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere colde bee; 30
 Of comely mien and shape he was,
 And tenderly hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proude his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe, 35
 Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew foe coy and nice to please,
 As womens lookes are often foe,
 He might not kises, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him foe to doe. 40

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
 To see I pityed not his greeffe,
 He gott him to a secrett place,
 And there hee dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare, 45
 And sacrifice my tender age;
 And every day Ile begg my bread,
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
 And ever will doe till I dye; 50
 And gett me to some secrett place,
 For foe did hee, and foe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray;
 Unto the towne of Walsingham 55
 Show me the right and readye way.

" Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
 " For he must ever guide thee still:
 " Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
 " And foe, faire Pilgrim, fare thee well!,, 60

XIV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it, as a real fact, — Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called ACYRON, i. e. " When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we would express;,, he adds, " Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with
" him

“ him, at length, perceiving by his traine that it was the
 “ king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and]
 “ said thus, with a certaine rude repentance,

“ I hope I fhall be hanged to-morrow,

“ for [I feare me] I fhall be hanged, whereat the king
 “ laughed a good, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare,
 “ but also to heare his illshapen terme; and gave him for
 “ recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-
 “ parke. I AM AFFRAID,, concludes this sagacious wri-
 “ ter, “ THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE
 “ MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME TOO
 “ SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD,, p. 214. — The
 phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at pre-
 sent, but occurs with some variation in the older poem, in-
 titled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the former volume,
 p. 179. viz.

“ Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
 “ And Edward wer in this place,
 “ Hee shold not touch this tonne:
 “ Hee wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
 “ Thereffore I beshrewe the soupe,
 “ That in his mouth shold come., Pt. 2. st. 24.

The following text is selected from two copies in black
 letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intituled, “ A mer-
 “ rie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward
 “ the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed
 “ at London, by John Danter, 1596., This copy, anci-
 ent as it now is, appears to have been modernized and alte-
 red at the time it was published; but many vestiges of the
 more ancient readings were recovered from another copy,
 (tho' more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without
 date, in the Pepys collection.

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
 With horne, and eke with bowe;
 To Drayton Bassett he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tanner
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruffet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the grene wood spraye;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.

Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.

“The readyest waye to Drayton Bassett
 I praye thee to shewe to mee.”

“To Drayton Bassett woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?

The next payre of gallows thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand.”

That

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,

Thou doest but jest I see:

30

Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,

And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:

I hold thee out of thy witt:

All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,

35

And I am fasting yett.

“Go with me downe to Drayton Bassett,

No daynties we will spare;

All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,

And I will paye thy fare.”

40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,

Thou payest no fare of mine:

I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,

Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,

45

And send them well to priefe.

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,

For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,

Of thee I am in great feare,

50

For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,

Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,

I tell you, fir, by the roode.

“Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,

55

And standest in midds of thy goode.”

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,

As you ryde farre and neare?

„ I heare no tydings, fir, by the masse,

But that cowehides are deare. „ 60

“ Cowe hides! cowe hides! what things are those?

I marvell what they bee? „

What thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;

I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king, 65

I praye thee tell me, trowe.

“ I am barker, fir, by my trade,

Nowe tell me what art thou? „

I am a poore courtier, fir, quoth he,

That am forth of service worne; 70

And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,

Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forefend, the tanner replyde,

That thou my prentise were:

Thou woldst spend more good than I fhold winne 75

By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,

If thou wilt not seeme strange:

Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,

Yet with thee I faine wold change.

“ Why if with me thou faine wilt change, 80

As change full well maye wee,

By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,

I will have some boot of three. „

That

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85

I fweare so mote I thee:

My horse is better than thy mare,

And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, fir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,

And softly she will fare:

90

Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wifs;

Aye skipping here and theare.,

What boote wilt thou have, our king reply'd?

Now tell me in this stound.

“ Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,

95

But a noble in gold so round.,

“ Here's twentye groates of white moneyè

Sith thou will have it of mee.,

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,

Thou hadst not had one penniè.

100

But sincc we two have made a change,

A change we must abide,

Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,

Thou gettest not my cowe hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge,

105

I fweare, so mote I thee;

Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,

If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe hide,

That of the cow was hilt,

110

And threwe it upon the king's fadelle,

That was foe fayrelye gilte.

“ Now

“ Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
 ’Tis time that I were gone :
 When I come home to Gyllian, my wife, 115
 Sheel fay I am a gentilmon. „

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;
 The tanner a f** lett fall.
 Nowe marrye, good fellowe, fayd the king,
 Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was :
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or brafs.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne :
 He stampt, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast : 130
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
 His necke he had well - nye braft.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he fayd,
 With mee he shall not byde.
 “ My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135
 But he knewe not of thy cowe hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
 I will have some boote of thee. „ 140

What

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this ffounde?

“ Noe pence nor halfpence, fir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound. „

“ Here’s twentye groates out of my purfe; 145

And twentye I have of thine:

And I have one more, which we will spend

Together at the wine. „

The king fet a bugle horne to his mouthe,

And blewe both loude and fhrille: 150

And foone came lords, and foone came knights,

Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,

That ever I fawe this daye!

Thou art a ftrong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155

Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,

I fweare, foe mote I thee:

But they are the lords of the north countrey,

Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And foone before our king they came.

And knelt downe on the ground:

Then might the tanner have beene awaye,

He had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar *, here: fayd the king, 165

A collar he loud did crye:

Then

* A collar was anciently used in the ceremony of conferring knighthood.

Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner, he sayd,
I trowe it will breed forrowe: 170

After a collar comes a halter,
And I fhall be hanged to -morrowe.

“ Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou hast fhewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou fhalt weare, 175
But thou fhalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton - parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cove hide., 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour, which thou hast showne:
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather fhall clout thy shoen.

XV.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

*The scene of this song is the same, as in num. XIII.
The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many
popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226,
is*

is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting,

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.

Now God you save, you jolly palmer!

“ Welcome, lady gay,

“ Oft have I sued to thee for love.,,”

— Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's “ Knt. of the burning pestle,,” Act. 2. sc. ult. and, in another old play, called, “ Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy &c.,,” 4to, 1618; Act I. — The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shensstone from an ancient MS. which being imperfect was supplied by him with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

AS ye came from the holy land
Of ‘blest’ Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

“ How

" How should I know your true love, 5
 " That have met many a one,
 " As I came from the holy land,
 " That have both come, and gone? „

My love is neither white *, nor browne,
 But as the heavens faire; 10
 There is none hath her form divine,
 Either in earth, or ayre.

" Such an one did I meet, good fir,
 " With an angelicke face?
 " Who like a nymphe, a queene appeared 15
 " Both in her gait, her grace.

Yes: she hath cleane forsake me,
 And left me all alone;
 Who some time loved me as her life,
 And called me her owne. 20

" What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
 " And a new way doth take,
 " That some time loved thee as her life,
 " And thee her joy did make?

I that loved her all my youth, 25
 Growe old now as you see;
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For

* *sc. pale.*

For love is like a carelesse childe,

Forgetting promise past:

30

He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;

His faith is never fast.

His 'fond' desire is fickle found,

And yielde a trustlesse joye:

Wonne with a world of toil and care,

35

And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankind,

Or LOVES faire name abusde,

Beneathe which many vaine desires,

And follyes are excusde.

40

' But true love is a lasting fire,

' Which viewless vestals * tend,

' That burnes for ever in the soule,

' And knowes nor change, nor end.'

XVI.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is

more

* *sc. Angels.*

more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are of modern date; and that these at least (if not its whole existence) have flowed from the pen of a lady, within this present century. The following particulars may be depended on. One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt of the late sir Peter Halket of Pit-ferran in Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Braddock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last beginning with "Loud and shrill, &c." which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720. — This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the ORPHEUS CALIDONIUS, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy: before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

Stately stept he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
 With fkerfs sevin zeirs of rest.

He

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith 5
 Wroucht Scotland meikle wae :
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost ,
 He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude ,
 With halls and touris a hicht , 10
 And guidly chambers fair to fe ,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.
 His dame fae peirless anes and fair ,
 For chaste and bewtie deimt ,
 Nae marrow had in all the land , 15
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare ,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bluidy fight with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ; 20
 Four zit remain , lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame , hie was their micht ,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair , 25
 Their sifter fast and deir ,
 Her girdle shawd her midle gimp ,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
 Waefou to zung and auld , 30
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin ,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle, 35
 With mony a hardy knicht.
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne. 40

“ To horfe, to horfe, my ryal liege,
 Zours faes ftand on the ftand,
 Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears
 The king of Norfe commands.,
 Bring me my fteed Mage dapple gray, 45
 Our gude king raife and cryd,
 A trufter beaft in all the land
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill fo hie, 50
 To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,
 And hafte and follow me.
 The little page flew fwift as dart
 Flung by his mafters arm,
 “ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute, 55
 And rid zour king frae harm.,

Then reid reid grow his dark - brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark - brown brow;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
 In dangers great to do; 60

He

He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,
And gien five founds fae fhrill,
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His fons in manly sport and glie, 65
Had past that summers morn,
Quhen low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir founds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde. 70
And fune they heyd them up the hill,
And fune were at his fyde.

“ Late late the zeftrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age nicht weil excuse my arm 75
Frae manly feats of ftryfe;
But now that Norfe dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall. 80

“ Robin of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows schute fae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd do deidly pale.
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance, 85
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainst Westmorlands ferfs heir.

" Malcom, licht of fute as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands thrie of men
 Well bred to sword and schield:
 Bring me my horse and harnifine
 My blade of mettal cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They fune had fled for feir.

90

95

" Fareweil my dame fae peirless gude,
 (And tuke hir by the hand,)
 Fairer to me in age zou seim,
 Than maids for bewtie famd:
 My zoungeft son fall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs,
 And fhut the filver bolt that keips,
 Sae fast zour painted bowirs.,

100

And first scho wet her comely cheiks,
 And then her boddice grene,
 Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,
 Weil plett with filver schene;
 And apron fet with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark fae rare,
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may guesf,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.

105

110

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Qhen he came to a wounded knicht
 Making a heavy mane;

115

" Here

“ Here maun I lye , here maun I dye ,
 By treacheries false gyles ;
 Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
 To wicked womans smyles. ,” 120

“ Sir knight , gin ze were in my bowir ,
 To lean on filken feat ,
 My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove ,
 Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 Hir self wald watch ze all the day , 125
 Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
 And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir ,
 As scho stands in zour sight.

“ Aryse young knight , and mount zour steid ,
 Full lowns the fhynand day : 130
 Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
 To leid ze on the way. ,
 With smylefs luke , and visage wan
 The wounded knight replyd ,
 “ Kind chiftain , zour intent pursue , 135
 Foir heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht ,
 Can eir be fweit or fair ,
 But fune beneath sum draping tree ,
 Cauld death fall end my care. ,” 140
 With him nae pleiding nicht prevail ;
 Brave Hardyknute in to gain ,
 With fairest words and reason strong ,
 Strave courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre 145
 Lord Chattans land fae wyde;
 That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
 Quhen faes his courage feyd:
 Of Pictish race by mothers fyde,
 Quhen Picts ruld Caledon. 150
 Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
 Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,
 He reicht a ryfing heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale, 155
 Norfs menzie lay in ficht.
 “ Zonder my valiant fons and ferfs,
 Our raging revers wait
 On the unconquerit Scottish fwaird
 To try with us their fate. 160

Mak orifons to him that saift
 Our fauls upon the rude;
 Syne braifly fchaw zour veins ar filld
 With Caledonian blude.,,
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive, 165
 Quhyle thoufands all around
 Drawn frae their fheaths glanst in the fun,
 And loud the bougills found.

To join his king adoun the hill
 In haft his merch he made, 170
 Quhyle, playand pibrocks, minstralls meit
 Afore him statly ftrade.

“ Thryfe

“Thryfe welcum valziant ftoup of weir,
Thy nations fcheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reafon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his fyde.” 175

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang fcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie. 180
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
With little fkaith to man,
But bludy bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that findle bruikd 185
The war that lukt lyke play,
Drew his braid fword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows feimt but delay.
Quoth noble Rothfay, “Myne i’ll keip,
I wate its bleid a fkore.” 190
Haft up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norfe he focht to find,
With him to menfe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht 195
A fsharp unfonie fhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefon chance! there pinnd his hand
In midft betwene his ene. 200

“ Revenge, revenge. cryd Rothfays heir,

Your mail - coat fall nocht byde

The strength and fharpnefs of my dart:,,

Then sent it thruch his fyde.

Another arrow weil he markd,

It perfitt his neck in twa,

His hands then quat the filver reins,

He law as eard did fa.

205

“ Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids!,,

Again with micht he drew

And gesture dreid his fturdy bow,

Fast the braid arrow flew;

Wae to the knight he ettled at,

Lament now quene Elgreid,

Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,

His zouth and comely meid.

210

215

“ Take aff, take aff his coftly jupe

(Of gold weil was it twynd,

Knit lyke the fowlers net thruch quhilk

His fteilly harnes fhynd)

Take, Norfe, that gift frae me, and bid

Him venge the blude it beirs;

Say, if he face my bended bow,

He fure nae weapon feirs. ,,

220

Proud Norfe with" giant body tall,

Braid fhoulder and arms ftiong,

Cryd, “ Quhair is Hardyknute fae famd,

And feird at Britains throne:

225

Thah

Thah Britons tremble at his name ,
 I fune fall make him wail , 230
 That eir my sword was made fae fharp,
 Sae faft his coat of mail. ,,

That brag his stout heart could na byde ,
 It lent him zouthfou micht:
 " I'm Hardyknute this day , he cryd , 235
 To Scotlands king I hecht ,
 To lay thee law , as horses hufe ,
 My word I mean to keip. ,,
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake ,
 He garrd his body bleid. 240

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawke staird wyld ,
 He ficht with fhame and spyte ;
 " Disgrac'd is now my far - famd arm
 That left thee power to stryke : ,,
 Then gaif his head a blaw fae fell , 245
 It made him down to stoup ,
 As law as he to ladies usit
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full fune he raisd his bent body ,
 His bow he marvelld fair , 250
 Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To se his stately luke ,
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fae , 255
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae with luke enrag'd
 Up towards him did prance; 260
 He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks
 The hardy zouth to quell,
 Quha stude unmufit at his approach
 His furie to repell.

" That schort brown shaft fae meanly trimd, 265
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
 But dreidfull feims the rusty poynt!,,
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 " Aft Britons blude has dimd its fhyne;
 This poynt cut fhort their vaunt:,, 270
 Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill fwang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee 275
 Sure taken he was fey:
 Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud;
 But Thomas luikt not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude. 280

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,
 On raid he north the plain;
 His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen Winner ay the same;

Nor

Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik, 285
 Coud meife faft luv to bruik,
 Till vengeful Ann returnd his fcorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
 All panting on the plain, 290
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to aryfe again;
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blythfom founds
 To boift the glories of the day, 295
 And fchaw thair fhyning wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wafh the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke owre the fchipples feis
 Befoir hir mate appears. 300
 Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in vain;
 Thy lord lyis in the clay;
 The valziant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair ftands a crofs 305
 Set up for monument,
 Thoufands full fierce that fummers day
 Filled kene waris black intent.
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praife Hardyknute,
 Let Norfe the name ay dreid, 310
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he fpaired,
 Sal lateft ages reid.

Loud

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy fhowir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute 315
 Wan neir his stately towir.
 His towir that ufd with torches bleife
 To fhyne fae far at nicht,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he ficht. 320

“Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
 Thairs nae licht in my hall;
 Nae blink fhynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 “Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, fay; „ — 325
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 “Stand back, my fons, I’ll be zour gyde: „
 But by they past with speid.

“As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes, „ —
 There ceist his brag of weir, 330
 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
 He wist not zit with dreid;
 Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs, 335
 And all the warrior fled.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.





ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
ETC.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDI-
NAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking

king events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space 'as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as it was called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for, or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled **LITTLE JOHN NOBODY**, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope,," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled **Every Man**; the other, called **Lusty Juventus** printed in the reign

reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions : in the other, the poet (one R. WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it, — a supplement to the Pulpit: — This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally, as in a sermon ; take an instance,

“ The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,

“ As in the xxxiiij chapter it doth appere :

“ Be converted, O ye children, &c.,”

From this play we learn, that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation ; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth : for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition,

“ The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,

“ But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,

“ They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,

“ In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.,”

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

“ The worlde was never meri

“ Since chyldren were so boulde :

“ Now every boy wil be a teacher,

“ The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.,”

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, Thus endeth this morall playe of Every Man. Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. †. In Mr. Gar-

rick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

The other is intituled, An enterlude called Lusty Iuventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lyft up our hartes all,
 And prayse the lordes magnificence,
 Which hath geuen the wolues a fall,
 And is become our strong defence:
 For they thorowe a false pretens
 From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,
 Gettynge from every man his pence,
 As iatisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
 To kepe our house, and seruautes,
 That did the freers from us fet,
 And with our soules played the marchautes:
 And thus they with theyr false warantes
 Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
 That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
 So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
 The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
 They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
 If it above the ground did growe:

But

But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse; 30
As do the deceatful foulers,
Whan they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Curfing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyste here:
Thou fyghtest with sward, shylde, and speare, 45
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion, 50

Throughe myne ensample, and confel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashon
And thou, Luther, arte accursed,
For blamyng me, and my condicion 55
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature;
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

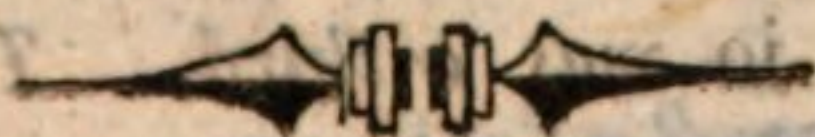
As for scripture, I am above it; 65
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accused be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinal of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and fume, 75
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the scripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght:
And this be sure, that at one flyghte, 85
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for theyr medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one; 90
For they have not the popes blessinge,
Nor regarde his holy pardon:
They thinke from all destruction.
By Christes bloud, to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion, 95
Therefore shall they al be dampned.



II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England Verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in an ancient MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
 And a Miller, that will not steill,
 With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
 And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
 And, throw virtue of thame three,
 That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but their furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy songs were composed by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Greene sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder was another: John Anderson my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for

the

the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact. — From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, “The Book of the Universal Kirk,” p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed “a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found,” printit ane bauldy sang, called, “Welcome Fortunes *.”

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze’s get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how many bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae
five.

MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer, na;

For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wullie was awa’.

* See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p. 177.



III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI, written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, Brittitsh Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had done what he could to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures; as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity

larity ; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only supperadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to BOOK III. BALLAD I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
After november, when the nights wax noysome and
long;

As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'feyned **' that freake,
Wheter he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, that are so mad.
He said, These gay gallants, that will construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread:
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyeest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not
speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

G 5 Yet

* Perhaps He left talk. ** feyned MS. and P. C.

Yet to their fancy soon a cause wil find;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke :
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind ;
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
Our suffrages, and service, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our
Lord,
And whoredom was never less hated, since Christ harrowed
hell,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through
the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tell:
For all the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be
so quell,
That if a man do amiss, with mischief they will him
wreak;
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they
have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischief in their mind both to maid and wife
To

To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments
breake:

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,
and not care

According to their foolish fantasy; but fast wil they
naught:

Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their
thought:

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us
bought,

That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met, !
Where NO man, 'ne * NOUCHT was, nor NOTHING
did appear;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
That 'Acolus **' through the eccho did cause me to hear,
Then I drew me down into a dale, wheras the dumb deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

* then, *MSS. and P.C.* ** Hercules, *MSS. and P.C.*

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

— are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his *Travels*, which has lately been reprinted in so elegant a manner at *STRAWBERRY-HILL*. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as emended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. M, D, LV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

* Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *Did bear* or *Hath borne*. See below the *Beggar of Bed-nal Green*, ver. 57. Could say.



V.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her son to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. “ Rosamond the
“ fayre daughter of Walter, lord Clifford, concubine to Hen-
“ ry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed
“ at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made
“ for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man
“ or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed
“ by the king, or such as were right secret with him tou-
“ ching the matter. This house after some was named La-
“ byrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto
“ a knot in a garden, called a Maze *; but it was common-
“ ly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of
“ thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived
“ not long after: but when shee was dead she was buried
“ at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with
“ these verses upon her tombe,

“ Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
“ Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

“ In

* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epist. of Rosam.

“ In English thus :

“ The rose of the world , but not the cleane flowre ,
 “ Is now here graven ; to whom beauty was lent :
 “ In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre ,
 “ That by her live was sweete and redolent :
 “ But now that shee is from this life blent
 “ Though she were sweete , now foully doth shee stinke.
 “ A mirrour good for all men , that on her thinke. ”

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as “ the
 “ common report of the people , that the queene foun-
 “ de hir out by a sicken thread , which the king had drawne
 “ after him out of hir chamber with his foot , and dealt with
 “ hir in such sharpe and cruell wise , that she lived not
 “ long after. ” Vol. III. p. 115. “ On the other hand , in
 “ Speede's hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her
 “ out by a clew of silke , fallen from Rosamunds lappe , as
 “ shee sate to take ayre , and suddenly fleeing from the sight
 “ of the searcher , the end of her silke fastened to her foot ,
 “ and the clew still unwinding , remained behinde : which the
 “ queene followed , till shee had found what shee sought ,
 “ and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene , as the lady lived
 “ not long after. ” 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker
 with more ingenuity , and probably , as much truth , tells us
 the clue was gained , by surprise , from the knight , who was
 left to guard her bower.

It is observable that none of the old writers attribute
 Rosamond's death to poison , (Stow , above , mentions it meer-
 ly as a slight conjecture) ; they only give us to understand ,
 that the queen treated her harshly ; with furious menaces ,

we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit *, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that “the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford
“ was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that
“ upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and de-
“ cked with roses red and green, and the picture of the CUP,
“ out of which she drank the poyson given her by the queen,
“ carved in stone.”

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a cotemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. “Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nun-
“ nes, called Godstow, and when he had entred the
“ church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire,
“ covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of
“ waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he was an-
“ swered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was
“ some time lemman to Henry II. . . . who for the love of
“ her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the
“ bishop,

* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall. Oxon, who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig Hist. Vol. 3. p. 739.

“ bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her
 “ without the church, lest christian religion should grow in
 “ contempt, and to the end, that through example of her,
 “ other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe
 “ themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with
 “ men.,” *Annals*, p. 159.

History farther informs us, that king John repaired God-
 stow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, “ that
 “ these holy virgins might releve with their prayers, the
 “ soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund
 “ there intered.,” * In what situation her remains
 were found at the dissolution of the nunnery we learn from
Leland, “ Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was ta-
 “ ken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription
 “ TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were closid in lede,
 “ and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it
 “ was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.,” See
Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which
 time, he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock
 the foundations of a very large building, which were believed
 to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry
 had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose
 ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the
 received story. These were William Longue - espè (or Long-
 sword) earl of Salisbury, and Gefferey bishop of Lincolne **.
 Gefferey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yed is said
 to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to
 that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king
 Henry

* R. of Henry II. in *Speed's Hist.* writ by Dr. Barcham,
 Dean of Bocking. ** Afterwards archb. of York.

Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152.] " and that the young lady by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173.," [Carte's hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153. the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Printed from four ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
 The second of that name,
 Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
 A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
 Her favour, and her face;
 A sweeter creature in this worlde
 Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
 Appeard to each mans sight; 10
 Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
 Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal checkes
 Did such a colour drive,
 As though the lillye and the rose 15
 For mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
 Her name was called so,
 To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
 Was known a deadlye foe. 20

The king therefore, for her defence,
 Against the furious queene,
 At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
 The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built 25
 Of stone and timber stronge,
 And hundered and fifty doors
 Did to this bower belonge:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
 With turnings round about, 30
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave 35
 Unto a valiant knight.

But

But fortune, that doth often frowne
 Where fhee before did smile,
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
 Full soon fhee did beguile. 40

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his father raifed wares
 Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king 45
 The Englifh land forlooke,
 Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
 His farewelle thus he tooke:

" My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
 That pleafest best mine eye: 50
 The faireft flower in all the worlde
 To feed my fantaſye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
 Whose ſweetneſs doth excelle:
 My royal Rose a thouſand times 55
 I bid thee nowe farewelle!

For I muſt leave my faireſt flower,
 My ſweeteſt Rose, a ſpace,
 And croſs the ſeas to famous France,
 Proud rebelles to abaſe. 60

But yet, my Rose, be ſure thou ſhalt
 My coming ſhortlye ſee,
 And in my heart, when hence I am,
 Ile beare my Rose with mee.,,

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte 65
 Did heare the king saye foe,
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart
 Her outward lookes did shewe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
 The teares gusht out apace, 70
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe
 Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
 Did waxe both wan and pale,
 And for the sorrow she conceivde 75
 Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
 Before king Henryes face,
 Full oft he in his princelye armes
 Her bodye did embrace: 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
 He kist her tender cheeke,
 Untill he had revivde againe
 Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose? 85
 The king did often saye.
 Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
 My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
 Amonge your foes unkinde 90
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
 Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your fworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95
Which would offend you there.

O lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your prefence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death;
Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

“Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee. 105

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes; 110
‘Not rugged camps, but courtlye bowers;
‘Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.’

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 115
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst I in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 120

And you, fir Thomas, whom I truste
 To bee my loves defence;
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose
 When I am parted hence.”

And therewithall hee fetcht a sigh,
 As though his heart would breake:
 And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
 Not one plaine word could speake. 125

And at their parting well they mighte
 In heart be grieved fore:
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more. 130

For when his grace had past the seas,
 And into France was gone;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
 To Woodstocke came anone. 135

And forth she calles this trustye knight,
 In an unhappye houre;
 Who with his clue of twined thread,
 Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,
 The queene this thread did gette,
 And went where ladye Rosamonde
 Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
 Beheld her beauteous face,
 She was amazed in her minde
 At her exceeding grace. 145

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee; 150
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd 155
For her offences all.

„ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poison stronge:
Enforced bee to dye. 160

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world foe wide.

And for the fault, which I have done, 165
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe. „

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there; 170
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trikle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge, 175
As she knelt on her knee.

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
 Who tooke it in her hand ,
 And from her bended knee arose ,
 And on her feet did stand :

180

And casting up her eyes to heaven ,
 Shee did for mercye calle ;
 And drinking up the poison stronge ,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
 Had shewde its greatest spite ,
 Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confesse
 Shee was a glorius wight.

185

Her body then they did entomb ,
 When life was fled away ,
 At Godſtowe , near to Oxford towne ,
 As may be ſeene this day.

190

VI.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

Eleanor the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne , and earl of Poictou , had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France , and had attended him in a croisade , which that monarch commanded against the infidels ; but having lost the affections of her husband , and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome saracen , Louis more delicate , than politic , procured a divorce from her , and restored her those rich provinces , which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France . The young count of Anjou , afterwards Henry II. king of England ,

gland, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions, as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John. See Hume's Hist. I. 260, 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a ficke woman,
And afraid that she should dye:
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marshall, Ile goe thrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshall,
 And fell on his bended knee; 10
 That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
 No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
 My sceptre, crowne, and all,
 That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes 15
 No harme therof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
 And Ile put on another;
 And we will to queen Elianor goe
 Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:
 When they came to Whitehall
 The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
 And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25
 They fell on their bended knee;
 A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
 That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
 As I suppose you bee? 30
 But if you are two Englishe fryars,
 You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
 As you suppose we bee,
 We have not been at any masse 35
 Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marf hall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

40

Thats a vile finne, then fayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marf hall;
With a heavey heart fpake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyfon ftrong,
To poifon king Henrye.

45

Thats a vile finne, then fayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marf hall;
And I wifh it fo may bee.

50

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will difcover;
I poyfoned fair Rofamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

55

That's a vile finne, then fayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marf hall;
And I wifh it fo may bee.

60

Do you fee yonders little boye,
A toffing of the balle?
That is earl marf halls eldeft fonne,
And I love him the beft of all.

Do

V. 63, 67. She means that the eldeft of thefe two was by the earl marfhal, the youngeft by the king.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65
 A catching of the balle?
 That is king Henryes youngest sonne,
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyond like a bull;
 His nose is like a boare. 70
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
 I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde:
 She fhrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
 And a grimme look looked hee,
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
 Or hanged thou shouldest bee. 80

VII.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,
 AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES.

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the

the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton.," Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Walthamstoe:," where he died a middle-aged man in 1578. Vid. Ath. Oxon.

A very ingenious critic thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification *." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' these qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES **, (the Dodsley's miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line ***: whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw. — Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely

* Observations on the Faerie Queen. Vol. II. p. 168.

** Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to, black let.

*** The same is true of most of the poems in the Mirror of Magistrates, 1563, 4to. and even of Surrey's Poems, 1557.

rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intituled, "*A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richard Smith:,, without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intituled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne Esq. corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour; 575. — "Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c.," No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.*

*In the title page of this last (by way of printer's *, or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title-page containing the same Device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery **, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution. — The device abovementioned being not ill-adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.*

* Henrie Binneman.

** LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

IN court whoſo demaundes
 What dame doth moſt excell;
 For my conceit I muſt needes ſay,
 Faire Bridges beares the bel:

Upon whoſe lively cheek,
 To prove my judgment true,
 The roſe and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive
 For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall ſo well
 Hir graces all agree,
 No frowning cheere dare once preſume
 In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes,
 Which like ſome other beſt,
 Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe
 Diſgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie,
 God wotte, they little knowe
 The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,
 Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature firſt
 Had framde hir heavenly face,
 And thoroughly bedecked it
 With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir ſo well:
 Lo here, quod ſhe, a peece
 For perfect ſhape, that paſſeth all
 Apelles' worke in Greece.

This

This bayt may chaunce to catche
 The greatest God of love,
 Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
 That rules the roast above.

30

But out, alas! those wordes
 Were vaunted all in vayne,
 And some unseen wer present there,
 Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

35

For Cupide, crafty boy,
 Close in a corner stoode,
 Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
 I gesse it did him good.

40

Yet when he felte the flame
 Gan kindle in his brest,
 And herd dame Nature boast by hir
 To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love
 He chaunged into hate,
 And sodeynly with myghtie mace
 Gan rap hir on the pate.

45

It greeved Nature mucche
 To see the cruell deede:
 Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
 To see hir dearling bleede.

50

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
 Shal have some helpe I trowe;
 And quick with skin she coverd it,
 That whiter is than snowe.

55

Wherwith

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
 For feare of further flame,
 When angel-like he saw hir shine,
 Whome he had smit with shame. 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
 In cradel of hir kind:
 The coward Cupide brake hir browe
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains; 65
 No force, there let it be:
 There is no cloude that can eclipse
 So bright a funne, as she.

VIII.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-
 GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume. — An ingenious gentleman has assured the Editor, that he has formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from this only stanza he remembered: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

*— his reverend lockes
 In comelye curles did wave;
 And on his aged temples grewe
 The blossomes of the grave."*

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies : the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript ; but he will not answer for their being genuine : he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the absurdities, and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before : whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
 He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
 And many a gallant brave suiter had fhee,
 For none was foe comelye as pretty Befsee.

And though fhee was of favor most faire, 5
 Yett seeing fhee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
 Of ancyent housekeepers despised was fhee,
 Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Befsee.

Where-

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Betsy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
Her suite then they granted to prettye Befsee.

Then Betsy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray ruffett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted fhee; 15
Who fighed and sobbed for prettye Befsee.

Shee went till fhee came to Stratford - le - Bowe;
Then knew fhee not, whither nor which way to goe:
With teares fhee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and so heavy was prettye Befsee. 20

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was fhee;
So faire and wel favoured was prettye Befsee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was strait-way enamourd of prettye Befsee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold; 30
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comlye was prettye Befsee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewd herselfe curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee; 35
Soe faire and so comly was prettye Befsee.

Foure fuitors att once unto her did goe ;
 They craved her favor, but still fhee fayd noe:
 I wold not wifh gentles to marry with mee.
 Yett ever they honoured prettye Befsee. 40

The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
 And he came unto her disguifde in the night:
 The fecond a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and fued for prettye Befsee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not fmall, 45
 He was the third fuitter, and proper withall:
 Her mafters own fonne the fourth man muft bee,
 Who fwore he wold dye for prettye Befsee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight: 50
 My hart's fo inthrall'd by thy bewtie,
 That foone I fhall dye for prettye Befsee.

The gentleman fayd, Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Befsy fhall bee:
 My life is diftressed: O heare me, quoth hee; 55
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Befsee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant could fay,
 Thou fhalt live in London both gallant and gay;
 My fhippes fhall bring home rych jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love prettye Befsee. 60

Then Befsy fhee fighed, and thus fhee did fay,
 My father and mother I meane to obey;
 Firft gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
 And you fhall enjoye your pretty Befsee.

To every one this answer fhee made, 65
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye fayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Befsee?

My father, fhe fayd, is foone to be feene;
The feely blind beggar of Bednall - greene, 70
That daylye fits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of prettye Befsee.

His markes and his tokens are knownen very well;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell:
A feely olde man God knoweth is hee, 75
Yett hee is the father of prettye Befsee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
Nor, quoth the inholder, my wiffe fhalt thou bee:
I lothe, fayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therfore, adewe, my prettye Befsee! 80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worfe,
I weighe not true love by the weight of the purfe,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto mee, my pretty Befsee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85
Nay foft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be foe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye fhall bee,
Then take thy adewe of prettye Befsee.

But foone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Romford stole Befsy away. 90
The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe prettye Befsee.

As fwift as the winde to ryde they were feene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
 And as the knight lighted moft curteouſlie, 95
 They all fought againſt him for prettye Befsee.

But reſcu came ſpeedilye over the plaine,
 Or elſe the young knight for his love had beene flaine.
 This fray being ended, then ſtraightway he ſee
 His kinſmen come rayling at prettye Befsee. 100

Then ſpake the blind beggar, Althoughe I be poore,
 Yett rayle not againſt my child at my owne door:
 Though ſhee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
 Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to ſee
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But firſt you ſhall promiſe, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop ſhall all be your owne. 110
 With that they replied, Contented bee wee,
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Befsee.

With that an angell he caſt on the ground,
 And dropped in angels three thouſand pound;
 And oftentimes it was proved moſt plaine, 115
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

Soe that the place, wherein they did ſitt,
 With gold was covered every whitt.
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their ſtore,
 Sayd, Beggar, hold, for wee have no more. 120

Thou

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
 Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
 And heere, added hee, I will throwe you downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
 And those, that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Betsy a match for the knight,
 And made a ladye in others despite: 130
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The SECOND FIT * shall sett forth to your sight 135
 With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

* *The word FIT, for PART, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his Art of English poesie, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several FITS, " or times to be sung., p. 41. —*

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhimers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it

“ be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabari-
 “ qui, upon benches and barrells heads, where they have no-
 “ ne other audience then boys or countrey fellows, that passe
 “ by them in the streete; or else by BLIND HARPERS, or
 “ such like taverne minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for
 “ a GROAT, . . . their matter being for the most part stories
 “ of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of
 “ Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and
 “ Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or hi-
 “ storical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the com-
 “ mon people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in ta-
 “ vernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resor-
 “ te.,, p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been
 handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of
 Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not,
 even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives
 us room to infer from another passage. “ We ourselves, says
 “ this courtly * writer, have written for pleasure a litle
 “ brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of
 “ the isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and
 “ by breaches or divisions [i. e. FITS,] to be more commo-
 “ diously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where
 “ the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures,
 “ and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those
 “ of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir
 “ Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others li-
 “ ke.,, p. 33.

In

* He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a
 time, when the whole band consisted of men of distin-
 guished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of armes, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

“ When meate and drinke is great plentyè ,
 “ And lords and ladyes still wil bee ,
 “ And fitt and solace lythe ; * Perhaps
 “ Then itt is time for mee to speake “ blythe. ”
 “ Of keene knightes , and kempes great ,
 “ Such carping for to kythe. ”

If we consider that a GROAT in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in II parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver. 34, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a GROAT for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. — Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second great's-worth. — Many of the old ro-

mances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT; it seems at first to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing time between the several parts, (answering to PASSUS in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the old poem of JOHN THE REEVE the First part ends with this line,

“ The first FITT here find wee :,”

i. e. here we come to the first pause or intermission. — By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)

“ Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;

“ If ye woll any more of it,

“ To tell it woll I fonde.”

PART THE SECOND.

WI hin a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they colde have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of prettye Befsee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete;
Partridge, and plower, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Befsee.

This

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number therto did resort 10
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Befsee.

To church then went this gallant young knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene, 15
That went with sweete Bessy of Bednall - greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed by the skillfullest men,
The nobles and gentles fate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde. 20

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee, 25
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his prefence these states to disgrace.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her owne face, were a flattering thinge; 30
Wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a filke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee, 35
And now a musicyan forsooth hee wold bee.

He

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of prettye Befsee. 40

With that his lute he twanged straight way,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayned out this song most delicatelie.

" A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene, 45
 " Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
 " A blithe bonny lasse, and dainty was shee,
 " And many one called her prettye Befsee.

" Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
 " But beggd for a penny all day with his hand; 50
 " And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
 " And still he hath somewhat for prettye Befsee.

" And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 " Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 " To prove shee is come of noble degree: 55
 " Therfore never flout at prettye Befsee.,

With that the lords and the company round
 With hearty laughter were readye to ffound;
 At last sayd the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee. 60

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did fay, 65
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therefore blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say) 70
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee,
For the love that thou bearest to prettye Befsee.

" Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
" One song more to sing, and then I have done;
" And if that itt may not winn good report, 75
" Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

" [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
" Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
" Yett fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
" Now losse and forgotten are hee and his race. 80

" When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
" Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
" A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
" And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine 85
" The barons were routed, and Montfort was flaine;
" Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
" Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Befsee!

" Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
" His eldest sonne Henrye, who fought by his side, 90
" Was felld by a blowe, he receivde in the fight,
" A blowe that deprivde him for ever from fight.

" Among

" Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 " Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 " When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee; 95
 " And this was thy mother, my prettye Befsee!

" A barons faire daughter stept forth in the night
 " To searck for her father, who fell in the fight,
 " And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 " Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye. 100

" In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
 " While hee throughe the realme was beleevd to be flaine;
 " At lengthe his faire bride shee consented to bee,
 " And made him glad father of prettye Befsee.

" And nowe left oure foes oure lives sholde betraye, 105
 " We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
 " Her jewelles shee folde, and hither came wee:
 " All our comfort and care was our prettye Befsee.]

" And here have we lived in fortunes despite, 109
 " Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte:
 " Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
 " The fillye blinde beggar of Bednall - greene.

" And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
 " Of one, that once to your owne ranke did belong:
 " And thus have you learned a secrette from mee, 115
 " That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Befsee.,

Now when the faire companye everye one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well thy might bee,
 Both at the blind beggar, and prettye Befsee. 120

With that the sweete maiden they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art right worthye a ladye to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte, 125
 A bridegroome most happye then was the yong knighte,
 In joye and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the prettye Befsee.

*
*
*

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

*This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall *,] is preserved in the The Paradise of daintie devises, quoted above in pag. 150. — The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in “An howres recreation in musicke, &c.” by Richard Alifon, Lond. 1606. 4to. : „ usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of “ Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes. Lond. 1597. 1600. 1608, 4to. „ One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

*Thule, the period of cosmographie,
 Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire
 Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
 Trinacrian Ætnas flames ascend not hier:
 These things seeme wondrous, yet more I,
 Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

The

* Vid. Athen. Oxon. p. 152. 316.

*The Andalusian merchant, that returnes
 Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
 Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
 These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
 Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his
 brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to dis-
 play the powers of musical composure.*

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
 By raging seas is rent in twaine:
 The marble stone is pearst at length,
 With little drops of drizzling rain:
 The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke,
 The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
 By yalping hounds at bay is set:
 The swiftest bird, that flies about,
 Is caught at length in fowlers net:
 The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
 Is soone deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
 All thinges are bounden to obey,
 For all his wit and worthie skill,
 Doth fade at length, and fall away.
 There is nothing but time doeth waste;
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still

Upon the throne of glorious fame: 20

Though spiteful death mans body kill,

Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:

By life or death what so betides,

The state of vertue never slides.

X.

Y O U N G W A T E R S.

A S C O T T I S H B A L L A D.

This very ancient poem is given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world is indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the earl of Hume, who dyed lately at Gibraltar.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,

And the round tables began,

A'! there is cum to our kings court

Mony a well-favourd man,

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5

Beheld baith dale and down,

And then she saw zoung Waters

Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,

His horsemen rade behind, 10

And mantel of the burning gowd

Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horfe before
 And filler fhod behind,
 The horfe zoung Waters rade upon 15
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But then fpake a wylie lord,
 Unto the queen faid he,
 O tell me qhua's the faireft face
 Rides in the company. 20

I've fene lord, and I've fene laird,
 And knights of high degree;
 Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters
 Mine eyne did never fee.

Out then fpack the jealous king, 25
 (And an angry man was he)
 O, if he had been twice as fair,
 Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord fhe fays,
 Bot the king that wears the crown; 30
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
 But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that fhe could do or fay,
 Appeasd he wad nae bee;
 Bot for the words which fhe had faid 35
 Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Put fetters to his feet;
 They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Thrown him in dungeon deep. 40

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town 45
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung fon in his craddle, 50
And they hae taen to the heiding hill,
His horfe, bot and his faddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Zoung Waters he did dee. 55

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE:

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

*Edward Vere earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie *, and found intire in the*

K 2

Garland

* Lond. 1589. p. 172.

Garland of Gott-will. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*. One of these is intitled , “ The Complaint of a Lover , wearing blacke and tawnie. ,” The only lines in it worth notice are these ,

A crowne of baies shall that man ‘ beare’
 Who triumphs over me;
 For black and tawnie will I weare,
 Which mourning colours be.

We find in *Hall’s Chronicle*, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8, 1536; “ *Queene Anne [Bullen] ware* “ *YELOWE for the mourning.* ,” And when this unfortunate princeß lost her head May 19, the same year, “ on the ascension day following, the king for mourning ware *WHYTE.* ,” Fol. 227, 228.

Edward , who was the *XVIIth* earl of Oxford of the family of Vere , succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562 , and died an aged man in 1604. See *Mr. Walpole’s Noble Authors : Ath. Ox.*

COME hither shepherd’s fwayne ?

“ Sir, what do you require ? ,”

I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.

“ My name is FOND DESIRE. ,”

When wert thou borne , Desire ?

“ In pompe and pryme of may. ,”

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?

“ By fond Conceit men say. ,”

Tell me , who was thy nurse ?

“ Fresh Youth in sugred joy. ,”

What was thy meate and dayly foode ?

“ Sad sighes with great annoy. ,”

What

What hadst thou then to drinke ?

“ Unfavoury lovers teares. „

What cradle wert thou rocked in ?

15

“ In hope devoyde of feares. „

What lulld thee then asleepe ?

“ Sweete speech, which likes me best. „

Tell me, where is thy dwelling place ?

“ In gentle hartes I rest. „

20

What thing doth please thee most ?

“ To gaze on beautye stille. „

Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe ?

“ Disdayn of my good wille. „

Doth companye displease ?

25

“ Yea, surelye, many one. „

Where doth Desire delight to live ?

“ He loves to live alone. „

Doth either tyme or age

Bringe him unto decaye ?

30

“ No, no, Desire both lives and dyes

“ Ten thousand times a daye. „

Then, fond Desire, farewellle,

Thou art no mate for mee;

I should be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle

35

With such a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public. See Mr. Guthrie's New Peerage, 4to. Vol. I. p. 22.

“ The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey * and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

“ Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding

* Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

withstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas * and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*. Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [Aug. 2, 1511.]

“ This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

“ King James ‘insisted’ upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: ‘tho’ Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves. „ This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has

K 4

probably

* Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.

“ O yee are welcome rich merchànts ;
Good saylors , welcome unto me. „ 10
They swore by the rood , they were saylors good ,
But rich merchànts they colde not bee :
“ To France , nor Flanders dare we pass ;
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare ;
And all for a rover , that lyes on the seas , 15
Who robbs us of our merchant ware. „

King Henrye frownd , and turned him rounde ,
And swore by the Lord , that was mickle of might ,
“ I thought he had not been in the world ,
Durst have wrought England such unright. „ 20
The merchants fighed , and said , alas !
And thus they did theire answer frame ,
Hee is a proud Scott , that robbes on the seas ,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr , 25
And an angrie looke then looked hee :
“ Have I never a lorde in all my realme ,
Will fetch yond traytor unto mee ? „
Yea , that dare I ; lord Howard sayes ,
Yea , that dare I with heart and hand ; 30
If it please your grace to give me leave ,
Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong ; the king replied :
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
“ Trust me , my liege , Ile make him quail , 35
Or before my prince I will never appeare. „

Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
 And chuse them over my realme so free;
 Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
 To guide the great shipp on the sea, 40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
 Was the ablest gunner in all the rea'me,
 Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten:
 Good Peter Simon was his name.

Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea, 45
 To bring home a traytor live or dead:
 Before all others I have chosen thee;
 Of a hundred gunners to be head.

If you, my lord, have chosen me
 Of a hundred gunners to be head, 50
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread'th.

My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 ' Whose active hands had gained fame,' *
 In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne, 55
 And William Horfeley was his name.

Horfeley, sayd he, I must with speede
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60

If

* From the pr. copy.

If you, quoth hee, have chofen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be head;
On your maine - mæft Ile hanged bee,
If I miſs twelvescore one penny bread'th.

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
The noble Howard is gone to the ſea;
With a valyant heart and a pleaſant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth ſayled he.
And days he ſcant had ſayled three,
Upon the 'voyage', he tooke in hand, 70
But there he met with a noble ſhipp,
And ſtoutly made itt ſtay and ſtand.

Thou muſt tell me, lord Howard ſayes,
Now who thou art, and whats thy name;
And ſhewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my ſhipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that ſtands upon Tyne. 80

Haſt thou not heard, now, Henrye Hunt,
As thou haſt ſayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottiſh rover on the ſeas;
Men call him fir Andrew Barton knight?
Than ever he ſighed, and ſayd alas; 85
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over - well I knowe that wight,
I was his priſoner yeſterday.

As I was fayling upon the sea ,
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare ; 90
 To his arch - borde * he clasped me ,
 And robd me of all my merchant ware :
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
 And every man will have his owne;
 And I am now to London bounde , 95
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

You fhall not need, lord Howard faye ;
 Lett me but once that robber see ,
 For every penny tane thee froe
 It fhall be doubled fhillings three. 100
 Nowe God forefend, the merchand faye ,
 That you fhould seek foe far amisse !
 God keepe you out o' that traitors handes !
 Full litle ye wott what a man he is.

He is brasse within, and steele without, 105
 With beames on his topcastle stronge ;
 And thirtye pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side alonge :
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
 St. Andrewes crosse itt is his guide ; 110
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men ,
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were

* Perhaps *Hatch - borde*.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
 He wold orecome them every one, 115
 If once his beames they doe downe fall.
 This is cold comfort, fayer my lord,
 To welcome a stranger on the sea:
 Yett Ile bring him, and his shipp to shore,
 Or to Scotland he shall carrye mee. 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,
 And he must aim well with his ee,
 And sinke his pinnace in the sea,
 Or else he ne'er orecome will be:
 And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125
 This counsel I must give withall,
 Let no man to his topcastle goe
 To strive to let his beames downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
 I pray your honour lend to mee, 130
 On each side of my shipp along,
 And I will lead you on the sea.
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
 Whether you sayle by day or night;
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke 135
 You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
 Soe well apparent in his fight,

And

And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He fhewd him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold, 5

Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee,

Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,

This is a gallant fight to fee.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,

So close that no man may them see; 10

And put me forth a white willowe wand,

As merchants use that sayle the sea.

But they stirred neither top, nor mast;

Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.

What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15

That can soe little curtesye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more

I have beene admirall over the sea;

And never an English nor Portingall

Without my leave can passe this way. 20

Then called he forth his stout pinnace;

"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:

I sweare by the masse, yon English churles

Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree.

With that the pinnace itt fhott off, 25

Full well lord Howard might it ken;

For it strake downe his fore-mast tree,

And killed fourteen of his men.

Come

Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,
 Looke that thy word doe stand in stead; 30
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread'th.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde,
 His ordinance he laid right lowe;
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
 With other great fhott lesse, and moe;
 And he lett goe his great gunnes fhott;
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
 The first fight that Sir Andrewe sawe,
 He sawe his pinnace funke i' the sea. 40

And when hee sawe his pinnace funke,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
 "Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe myfel.,
 When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45
 Within his heart hee was full faine:
 "Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.,

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sayes,
 Weale howsoever this geere will sway; 50
 Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
 Simon had a sonne, who fhott right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
 In att his decke he gave a fhott, 55
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other side,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60
 Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrew cryed,
 What may a man now thinke, or say?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65
 That aye wast readye at my call;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 " Horfeley see thou be true in stead; 70
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread'th.

Then Gordon swarvd the maine-mast tree,
 He swarved it with might and maine;
 But Horfeley with a bearing arrowe, 75
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
 And he fell downe to the hatches again,
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
 How that the Gordon he was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.

With

With that he swarvd the maine - mast tree, 85

He swarved it with nimble art;

But Horfeley with a broad arròwe

Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,

That with his blood did streame amaine: 90

Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!

Alas a comelye youth is flaine!

All woe - begone was Sir Andrew then,

With grieve and rage his heart did swell:

" Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe, 95

For I will to the topcastle mysel.,

" Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe,

That gilded is with gold foe cleare:

God be with my brother John of Barton!

Against the Portingals hee it ware; 100

And when he had on this armour of prooffe,

He was a gallant fight to see.

Ah ! nere didst thou meet with living wight,

My deere brothèr, could cope with thee.,

Come hither Horfeley, says my lord, 105

And looke to your shaft that it goe right,

Shoot a good shoote in time of need,

And for it thou shalt be made a knight.

Ile shoot my best, quoth Horfeley then,

Your honour shall see, with might and maine, 110

But if I were hangd at your maine - mast tree,

I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did fwarve the tree,
 With right good will he fwarved then:
 Upon his breast did Horfeley hitt, 115
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horfeley spyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
 Under the spole of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes,
 A little Ime hurt, but yett not flaine;
 Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.
 “ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes, 125
 And never flinche before the foe;
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe. ”

They never heard his whistle blow,
 Which made their hearts waxe fore adread: 130
 Then Horfeley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
 They boarded then his noble fhipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine;
 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found, 135
 The rest were either maimd or flaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
 “ I must ha' left England many a daye,
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead. ” 140

He

He caused his bodye to be cast
 Over the hatchborde into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes;
 " Wherever thou land this will burye thee. "

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145
 And backe he sayled ore the maine,
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And sealed it with seale and ring; 150
 " Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
 As never did subject to a king.

" Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
 A braver shipp was never none:
 Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warre, 155
 Before in England was but one. "

King Henryes grace with royall cheere
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,
 And where, said he, is this rover stout:
 That I myfelfe may give the doome? 160

" The rover, he is save, my leige,
 Full many a fadom in the sea;
 If he were alive, as he is dead,
 I must ha' left England many a day:
 And your grace may thank four men i' the Ship 165
 For the victory wee have wonne,
 These are William Horfeley, Henry Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his sonne. "

To Henry Hund, the king then sayd,
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170
 A noble a day thou shalt have,
 With Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.,
 And Horfeley thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store;
 Howard shall be earl Surrye hight, 180
 As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
 And the men shall have five hundred markes
 For the good service they have done. 185
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant fight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 190
 And eyes foe hollowe in his head,
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
 This man were alive as he is dead:
 Yet for the manfull part he playd,
 Which fought foe well with heart and hand, 195
 His men shall have twelvecence a day,
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

* * *

XIII.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT,

A SCOTTISH SONG,

— refers, I presume, to the affecting story of lady Jean Gordon, sister to the earl of Huntley. This lady had been married but six months to James Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when that nobleman conceived an ambitious design of marrying his sovereign Mary queen of Scots: to accomplish which, among other violent measures he sued out a divorce from his lawful bride, the lady Jean. This suit was driven forward with such indecent precipitation, that the process was begun and ended in four days; [in May 1567,] and his wife, who was a woman of merit, driven from his bed, upon the most trivial and scandalous pretences. See Robertson. — History is silent as to this lady having a child by him, but that might be accounted for by supposing it dyed.

After all, perhaps this story is misapplied here, and indeed is hardly consistent with the last stanza. In the Editor's folio MS. whence this song is printed, it is simply intitled BALOWE: and in the copy given by Allan Ramsey in his Tea-table Miscellany, (which contains many modern additions) it is called, "Lady ANNE Bothwell's Lament.

BALOW, me babe, ly stil and fleipe!

It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,

Thy father breiders me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and fleipe,

It greives me fair to see weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
 And with his sugred wordes to muve,
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
 To me that time did nat appeire:
 But now I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.

Balow, &c.

10

15

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:
 But smile nat, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

20

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
 Be luvng to thy father stil:
 Whair-eir he gaes, whair-eir he ryde,
 My luve with him maun stil abyde:
 I weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae,

Balow, &c.

25

Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new;
 If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow, &c.

30

35

Bairne,

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe greive: 40
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth! 45
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us than they care nae how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil, and fleipe, 50
 It greives me fair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn

his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princeſs married after the death of James IV. — Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married Feb. 9. 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65. — It will be remembered at v. 5. that this princeſs was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4. 1560.

WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlände!

For thou haſt ever wrought by ſleighte;
The worthyeſt prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And ſealed it with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And ſhee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleaſant thing,
To be a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and ſoe have I,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There

There was an Italyan in that place,
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
 And David Riccio was his name, 15
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
 Hee wold have fate him downe i' th' chaire,
 Although it beseemed him not so well,
 And though the kinge were present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
 And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
 And I shall tell how it befell,
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene fhee saw her chamberlaine slaine 25
 For him her faire cheeks fhee did weete,
 And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
 The king and fhee wold not come in one fheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
 And made their vow all vehementlye; 30
 That for the death of the chamberlaine,
 How hee, the king himfelfe fholde dye.

With gun - powder they strewed his roome,
 And layd greene rushes in his waye;
 For the traitors thought that very night 35
 This worthy king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
 To take his rest was his desire;
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
 But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
 All underneath the castle wall.

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd: 45
 Now answer me, that I may know.

" King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
 For his fweete fake some pittie fhow.,,"

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50

" Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
 Some pittie on me I pray thee take.,,"

He pittie thee as much, hee sayd,
 And as much favour fhow to thee;
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55
 That day thou deemedst him to dye.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
 Through towers and castles that were nye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hangd him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard,
 How that the worthy kyng was flaine;
 He perfued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland fhee dare not remaine,

But fhe is fledd into merry England, 65
 And here her residence hath tane;
 And through the queene of Englands grace,
 In England now fhee doth remaine.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Putterham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*; a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of those times, viz.

“ I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in
 “ English metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargassa,
 “ or the Gorgeous, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her
 “ majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonically;
 “ which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth
 “ the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in
 “ reason to be reserved for a last complement, and descri-
 “ phred by a ladies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull,
 “ or rather bewtie of queenes *. And this was the occasion:
 “ our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes re-
 “ sidence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as
 “ were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prisoner)
 “ bred secret factions among her people, and made many of
 “ the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them de-
 “ sirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater
 “ fortunes by her libertie and life. The queene our sove-
 “ raigne ladie to declare that she was nothing ignorant of
 “ those secret practizes, though she had long with great wis-
 “ dome and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most
 “ sweete

* She was at this time near threescore,

“ *sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring*
 “ *minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie : which*
 “ *afterwards fell out most truly by th’ exemplary chastisement*
 “ *of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Sc. Q. decli-*
 “ *ning from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the*
 “ *realme by many evill and undutifull practizes. ,,*

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the lord Lumley, sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. — It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

THE doubt of future foes
 Exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
 And subject faith doth ebbe,
 Which would not be if reason rul’d,
 Or wisdom wev’d the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
 Do cloake aspiring mindes;
 Which turn to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
 The roote of ruthe wil be;
 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
 As shortly ye shall see.

Then

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unfeeld by worthy wights
Whose foresight falshood finds. 20

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth fowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight 25
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ, 30
Shall 'quickly' poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that was between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 102, to have been written during the regency, or
at

at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed Jun. 2. 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled "*A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.*" At the end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON. "*Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,*" in black letter, folio.

This ELDERTON, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and his rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a martyr to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,

Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius fitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;

Dead as he is, he still is dry:

So of him it may well be said,

Here he, but not his thirst is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.] — Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox. — Cambd. Remains. — The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

'O UT alas!' what a griefe is this
 That princes subjects cannot be true,
 But still the devill hath some of his,
 Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
 Forgetting what a grievous thing,
 It is to offend the anointed kinge?
 Alas for woe, why should it be so,
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
 As proper a youth as neede to be,
 Well given to every happy thing,
 That can be in a kinge to see:
 Yet that unluckige country still,
 Hath people given to craftie will.
 Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitfun eve it so befell,
 A posset was made to give the king,
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
 And that it was a poysoned thing.
 She cryed, and called piteouslie:
 Now help, or els the king shall die!
 Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
 Out of the doores in haste to flie:
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of a window he got at last.
 Alas for woe, &c.

He met the biſhop coming faſt, 30
 Having the poſſet in his hande:
 The ſight of Browne made him aghaſt,
 Who bad him ſtoutly ſtaie and ſtand.
 With him were two that ranne away,
 For feare that Browne would make a fray. 35
 Alas for woe, &c.

Biſhop, quoth Browne, what haſt thou there?
 Nothing at all, my friend, ſayde he;
 But a poſſet to make the king good cheere.
 Is it ſo? ſayd Browne, that will I ſee, 40
 Firſt I will have thyſelf begin,
 Before thou goe any further in;
 Be it weale or woe it ſhall be ſo,
 This makes a ſorrowful heigh ho.

The biſhop ſayde, Browne I doo know, 45
 Thou art a young man poore and bare;
 Livings on thee I will beſtowe:
 Let me go on take thee no care.
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
 A traitour for all criſtiantie, 50
 Happe well or woe, it ſhall be ſo,
 Drink now with a ſorrowfull, &c.

The biſhop dranke, and by and by,
 His belly burſt and he fell downe:
 A juſt rewarde for his traitery. 55
 This was a poſſet indeed, quoth Browne!
 He ſerched the biſhop and found the keyes,
 To come to the kinge when he did pleaſe.
 Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60

He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And prayfed God that he did mife
To taft of that extremity;

For that he did perceave and know,
His clergie would betray him fo : 65

Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he faid, unhappie realme,
My father and godfàther flaine :

My mother banifhed, O extreame ;
Unhappy fate and bitter bayne ! 70

And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be !

Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere ; 75

And trustie Browne too in like cafe,
He knighted him, with gallant geere ;

And gave him 'lands and' livings great,
For dooing fuch a manly feat,

As he did fhowe, to the bifhop's woe, 80
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and pàft,
Tooke not effect of traytery ;

Another treason at the laft,
They fought againft his majestie : 85

How

V. 67. His father was Henry lord Darnley. His godfathers were the duke of Savoy : and Charles IX. king of France, but neither of thefe were murdered.

How they might make their kinge away:
 By a privie banket on a daye.
 Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to fell the king
 Beyonde the seas they had decreede: 90
 Three noble earles heard of this thing,
 And did prevent the fame with speede.
 For a letter came, with such a charme,
 That they should doo their king no harme:
 For further woe, if they did foe, 95
 Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
 Take heede you do not offend the king;
 But shew yourselves like honest men
 Obediently in every thing: 100
 For his godmother * will not see
 Her noble childe misus'd to be
 With any woe; for if it be so
 She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true, 105
 In England, Scotland, every where:
 That no such daunger may ensue,
 To put the prince or state in feare:
 That God the highest king may see
 Obedience as it ought to be. 110
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
 To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

* *Q. Elizabeth.*



XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley, to persue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring said, "You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

James did not sufficiently exert himself in punishing the murderers, but I know not any reason for supposing he was jealous of Murray with his queen.

Y^E highlands, and ye lawlands,
 Oh! whair hae ye been?
 They hae flaine the earl of Murray,
 And hae layd him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley! 5
 And whairfore did you fae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to flay.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring; 10
 And the bonny earl of Murray
 Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the ba';
 And the bonny earl of Murray 15
 Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the gluve;
 And the bonny earl of Murray,
 Oh! he was the queen's luv. 20

Oh! lang will his lady
 Luke owre the castle downe,
 Ere she see the earl of Murray
 Cum founding throw the towne.



XVIII.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicæne*, first acted in 1609. Act. 4. sc. 2. His *Tale of a Tub*, Act. 1. sc. 4. And his masque intitled *The Fortunate Isles*, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

— MARY AMBREE,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act. 5. sub finem.

— “ My large gentlewoman, by MARY AMBREE, had
“ I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfel-
“ low. ” —

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another in the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, “ The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by

*“ the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of
 “ her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune
 “ is, The blind beggar, &c.,”*

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death colde not
 daunte,

Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte,
 They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
 And formost in battele was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major * was flaine in her fight, &
 Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
 Because he was flaine most treacherouflike,
 Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
 In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe; 10
 A faire fhirt of male then slipped on fhee;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe fhee strait did provide,
 A strong arminge sword fhee girt by her side,
 On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett had fhee; 15
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree.

Then tooke fhee her fworde and her targett in hand,
 Bidding all such as wolde, bee of her band
 To wayt on her person came thousand and three;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree? 20

My

* So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.

My fouldiers fo valiant and faithfull, fhee fayd,
 Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd;
 Still formoft in battel myfelfe will I bee:
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her fouldiers, and thus they did fay, 25
 Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
 Thy harte and thy weapons foe well doe agree,
 Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her fouldiers, that foughten for life,
 With ancyent and ftandard, with drum and with fife, 30
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that founded fo free;
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will fee the worft of you all
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture fo free; 35
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her fouldiers in battel arraye,
 Gainft three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
 Seven howers in ffirmifh continued fhee:
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree? 40

She filled the fkyes with the fmoke of her fhott,
 And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts foe hott;
 For one of her owne men a fcore killed fhee:
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

And when her falfe gunner, to fpoyle her intent, 45
 Away all her pelletts and powder had fpent,
 Straight with her keen weapon fhee flafht him in three:
 Was not this a brave bonny laffe, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hyre,
 At length she was forced to make a retyre; 50
 Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on every side,
 As thinking close siege shee could never abide;
 To beate down her walles they all did decree; 55
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
 And mountinn the walls all undaunted did stand,
 There daring the captaines to match any three:
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree! 60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
 To ranfome thy selfe, which else must not live?
 Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or flaine thou must bee.
 Then smiled sweetlye, faire Mary Ambree.

Now captaines couragious, of valour foe bold, 65
 Whom thinke you before you that you doe behold?
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine foe free,
 Who shourtelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight 70
 Two brests in my bosome, and therefore noe knight:
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
 But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
 Whose valour hath provd foe undaunted in warre?
 If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee, 75
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree?

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
 Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
 Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
 A mayden of Englande, fir, never will bee
 The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country fhee backe did returne, 85
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
 Therfore English captaines of every degree
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XIX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the common people.

“ *My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was*
 “ *one of the queenes best swordsmen: he was a great*
 “ *master of the art military. . . . I have heard it spoken,*
 “ *that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to*

“the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of
 “her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good,
 “that he was none of the REPTILIA; intimating, that he
 “could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not
 “his element; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he
 “was of suitable magnanimitie, and could net brooke the
 “obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.” See Naun-
 ton’s fragm. Regal.

*Lord Willoughbie died in 1601. See his character in Naun-
 ton’s Fragmenta Regalia. — Both the names of Norris and
 Turner are famous among those of the military men of that age.*

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy.

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field:
 The most couragious officers
 Were English captains three,
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
 A valiant man was hee; 10
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then 15
 Upon the bloody shore.

Stand

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about;
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the formost man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

20

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail;
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

25

30

For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured fore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more,
And then upon dead horses
Full favourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

35

40

When they had fed so freely
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found:

And

And beating up their colours, 45
 The fight they did renew,
 And turning tow'rds the Spaniard
 A thousand more they flew.

The sharp steel pointed arrows, 50
 And bullets thick did fly;
 Then did our valiant foldiers
 Charge on most furiously;
 Which made the Spaniards waver,
 They thought it best to flee,
 They fear'd the stout behaviour 55
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanifh general,
 Come let us march away,
 I fear we fhall be spoiled all 60
 If here we longer ftay;
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
 With courage fierce and fell,
 He will not give one inch of way
 For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65
 Was quickly put to flight,
 Our men perfued couragiously,
 And caught their forces quite;
 But at laft they gave a fhout,
 Which ecchoed through the fky, 70
 God, and St. George for England!
 The conquerers dit cry,

This

This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told 75
 Of this same victory:
 O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
 My love that ever won,
 Of all the lords of honour
 'Tis he great deeds hath done. 80

To th' souldiers that were maimed,
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allow'd a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day,
 And from all costs and charges 85
 She quit and set them free,
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen, 90
 And never be dismay'd,
 If that we be but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foreign enemies;
 And set our nation free;
 And thus I end the bloody bout 95
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

XX.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

*This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application
 to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I
 cannot*

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity : the town was carried sword in hand , but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible , and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city , but mist of a much richer , by the resolution , which the duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took , of setting fire to the ships , in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed , that the loss , which the Spaniards sustained in this enterprize , amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons , which gave rise to the following sarcasm ,

A gentleman of Wales , a knight of Cales

And a laird of the North country ;

But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent

Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person , who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conquests,

Threatning our country with fire and sword ,

Often preparing their navy most sumptuous

With as great plenty as Spain could afford.

Dub a dub , dub a dub , thus strike their drums , &

Tantara , tantara , the Englishman comes.

To

To the seas hastily went our lord admiral,
 With knights couragious and captains full good;
 The brave earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
 With him prepared to pass the salt flood. 10

Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
 Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
 With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
 head,
 Now bragging Spaniard take heed of your tayle. 15

Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
 Where the kinges navy securelye did ride;
 Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
 Ere any Spaniards our coming descry'd. 20

Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
 Which at that season was made in that place;
 The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
 To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25

Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
 And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
 There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously
 When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30

Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35

Dub a dub, &c.

The

The earl of Effex most valiant and hardye,
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town;
 The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
 Did fly for their safety, and durst not come down. 40
 Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl, courage my foldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small,
 But see the women and children you save. 45
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne;
 We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on high,
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50
 Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searched each day;
 In some places we did find, piès baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roasting and folk run away. 55
 Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
 Damasks and fattens and velvets full fayre;
 Which foldiers measured out by the lenght of their swords;
 Of all commodities each had his share. 60
 Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 Marched to the market place, where he did stand;
 There many prisoneres fell to our severall shares,
 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde. 65
 Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
 And would not ranfome their towne as they faid,
 With their fair wanfcots, their preffes and bedffeds,
 Their joint-ftools and tables a fire we made; 70
 And when the town burned all in a flame,
 With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth: in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

Printed from an ancient black letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How fhe wooed an Englifh man?
 Garments gay as rich as may be
 Decked with jewels fhe had on.
 Of a comely countenance and grace was fhe, 5
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prifoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lye;
 Cupid's bands did tye them fafter
 By the liking of an eye. 10
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing fhe was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
 For to set the ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned, 15
 None to do them injury.
 Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
 To a ladye in distrefse; 20
 Leave me not within this city,
 For to dye in heaviness:
 Thou hast set this present day my body free,
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25
 Whom thou know'st thy countrys foe?
 Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
 “Serpents lie where flowers grow.,,
 All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
 God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,
 That you came on Spanish ground;
 If you may our foes be termed,
 Gentle foes we have you found:
 With our city, you have won our hearts each one, 35
 Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

“Rest you still, most gallant lady;
 Rest you still, and weep no more;
 Of fair lovers there are plenty,
 Spain doth yield you wonderous store.,, 40
 Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
 But English men throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 Thou alone enjoyst my heart;
 I am lovely, young and tender, 45
 Love is likewise my desert:
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
 The wife of every English man is counted blest.

" It would be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence; 50
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence.,
 I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go,

" I have neither gold nor silver 55
 To maintain thee in this case,
 And to travel is great charges,
 As you know in every place.,
 My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
 And eke * ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

" On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from watery eyes.,
 Well in troth I shall endure extremity, 65
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

" Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;
 I in England have already
 A sweet woman to my wife; 70

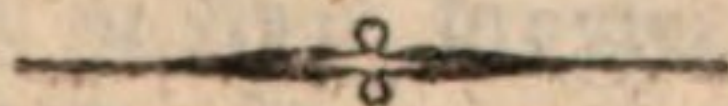
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer.
Love and all his laws defy;
In a nunnery will I throwd mee,
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!
The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.



XXIII.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

— *Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intituled ALBION'S ENGLAND by WILLIAM WARNER: "An author, (says a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the Brittish history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Cuean]. A tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in stile; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with.," [Muses library 8vo. 1738.] To this elogium nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.*

WARNER is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall *: in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known. Tho' now his name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age **. But Warner rather resembled OVID, whose *Metamorphosis* he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And tho' he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he of-

ten

* *Athen. Oxon.*** *Ibid.*

ten displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity; as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

With that she dafht her on the lippes,
 So dyed double red:
 Hard was the heart, that gave the blow,
 Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject, in stanzas of six lines, intitled. "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princeesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER. London 1617., in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.

Tho' here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the oldfashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Brutons 'being' departed hence
 Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
 Where diversly in diver broyles
 The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright

5

In Diria jointly raigne;

In loyal concorde during life,

These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,

To Edel thus he sayes;

10

By those same bondes of happie love,

That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which

The moyetie is mine;

By God, to whom my soule must passe,

15

And so in time may thine;

I pray thee, nay I cōjure thee,

To nourish, as thine owne,

Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,

Till she to age be growne;

20

And then, as thou receivest it,

Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,

The testatør he dies;

But all that Edel undertooke,

25

He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates a time

The damfiell, that was growne

The fairest lady under heaven;

Whose beautie being knowne,

30

A many princes seeke her love;

But none might her obtaine;

For

For grippell Edel to himfelfe

Her kingdome fought to gaine;

And for that cause from fight of fuch

He did his ward reſtraine.

35

By chance one Curan, ſonne unto

A prince in Danſke, did ſee

The maid, with whom he fell in love,

As much as man might bee.

40

Unhappie youth, what ſhould he doe?

His ſaint was kept in mewes;

Nor he, nor any noble-man

Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits

He pines himſelfe awaye;

Anon he thought by force of arms

To win her if he may :

45

And ſtill againſt the kings reſtraint

Did ſecretly invay,

At length the high controller Love,

Whom none may diſobay,

50

Imbaſed him from lordlines

Into a kitchen drudge,

That ſo at leaſt of life or death

She might become his judge.

55

Acceſſe ſo had to ſee and ſpeake,

He did his love bewray,

And tells his birth : her answer was

She huſbandles would ſtay.

60

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
 His booty to atchieve,
 Nor caring what became of her,
 So he by her might thrive;
 At last his resolution was
 Some peffant fhould her wive.

65

And (which was working to his wifh)
 He did obferve with joye
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
 Scapt many an amorous toye.

70

The king, perceiving fuch his veine,
 Promotes his vaffal ftill,
 Left that the bafenefle of the man
 Should lett perhaps his will.

Affured therefore of his love,
 But not fufpecting who
 The lover was, the king himfelfe
 In his behalf did woe.

75

The lady refolute from love,
 Unkindly takes that he
 Should barre the noble, and unto
 So bafe a match agree:

80

And therefore fhifting out of doores,
 Departed thence by ft stealth;
 Preferring povertie before
 A dangerous life in wealth.

85

When

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguish in his hart
 Was more than much, and after her
 From court he did depart; 90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he mist)
 The foundresse of his thralle.

Nor meanes he after to frequent 95
 Or court, or stately townes,
 But solitarily to live
 Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
 Well pleased so to live, 100
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almost to the waine:
 But then began a second love, 105
 The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
 Where Curan kept his fheepe,
 Did feed her drove: and now on her
 Was all the shepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy ruffets oft,
 And of the bacon fat, to make
 His startopes blacke and soft.

And

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde. 115

Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
As much as it might hold.

A fheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheefe as white as snow, 120
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And fheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw 125
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his faint,
He whip'd his greasie fhooes,
And clear'd the driyell from his beard,
And thus the fhepheard wooes. 130

„ I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheefe,
“ As good as tooth may chaw,
“ And bread and wildings fouling well,
“ (And therewithall did draw

His larderie) “ in eating, see, 135
“ Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
“ Did twinne this fall, and twin fhouldst thou,
“ If I might tup with thee.

“ Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
“ Too elvish and too coy. 140
“ Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
“ That such a flocke enjoy?

“ I wis I am not: yet that thou
 “ Doeſt hold me in diſdaine
 “ Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145
 “ To all that keepe this plaine.

“ There be as quaint (at leaſt that thinke
 “ Themſelves as quaint) that crave
 “ The match, that thou, I wot not why,
 “ Maiſt, but miſlik’ſt to have. 150

“ How wouldſt thou match? (for well I wot,
 “ Thou art a female) I
 “ Her ‘knew I not e’er,’ that willingly
 “ With maiden-head would die.

“ The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
 “ And he a churle will prove:
 “ The craftſman hath more worke in hand
 “ Then fitteth unto love:

“ The marchant, traffiquing abroad,
 “ Suspects his wife at home: 160
 “ A youth will play the wanton; and
 “ An old man prove a mome.

“ Then chuſe a ſhepheard: with the ſun
 “ He doth his flocke unfold,
 “ And all the day on hill or pleine 165
 “ He merrie chat can hold;

“ And with the ſun doth folde againe;
 “ Then jogging home betime
 “ He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
 “ Or ſings ſome merrie ryme. 170

“ Nor

" Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round

" The nut-brown bowl doth trot;

" And sitteth fingering care-away,

" Till he to bed be got:

" Theare sleepest hee foundly all the night, 175

" Forgetting morrow-cares;

" Nor feares he blasting of his corne,

" Nor uttering of his wares;

" Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,

" Or cracke of credit lost: 180

" Not spending franklier than his flocke

" Shall still defray the cost.

" Well wot I, sooth they say, that say

" More quiet nights and daies

" The shepheard sleepest and wakes, than he 185

" Whose cattel he doth graize.

" Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but

" A man, and so am I:

" Content is worth a monarchie,

" And mischiefs hit the hie; 190

" As late it did a king and his

" Not dwelling far from hence,

" Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,

" For fair a matchless wench., —

Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195

Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.

“ She bore, quoth he, the bell 203

“ For beautie: though I clownish am,

“ I know what beautie is;

“ Or did I not, at seeing thee,

“ I fenceles were to mis.

* * *

“ Her stature comely, tall; her gate 205

“ Well graced; and her wit

“ To marvell at, not meddle with,

“ As matchless I omit.

“ A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,

“ A forehead smooth, and hie, 210

“ An even nose, on either side

“ Did shine a grayish eie:

“ Two rosie cheekes, round ruddy lips,

“ White just-set teeth within;

“ A mouth in meane; and underneathe 215

“ A round and dimpled chin.

“ Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,

“ Stood bolt upright upon

“ Her portly shoulders: beating balles

“ Her veined breasts, anon 220

“ Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was

“ Her middle falling still,

“ And rising whereas women rise: * * *

“ — Imagine nothing ill.

“ And

" And more, her long, and limber armes 225

" Had white and azure wrists;

" And slender fingers aunswere to

" Her smooth and lillie fists.

" A legge in print, a pretie foot;

" Conjecture of the rest: 230

" For amorous eies, observing forme,

" Think parts obscured best.

" With these O raretie! with these

" Her tong of speech was spare;

" But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, 235

" The balle from Ide to bear.

" With Phœbe, Juno, and with both

" Herselfe contends in face;

" Wheare equall mixture did not want

" Of milde and stately grace, 240

" Her smiles were sober, and her lookes

" Were cheareful unto all:

" Even such as neiter wanton seeme,

" Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

" A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245

" And not disdaining any.

" Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and

" Sweete faculties had many.

" A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie;

" Might praise, might wish, might see; 250

" For life, for love, for forme; more good,

" More worth, more faire than thee.

" Yea

“ Yea such an one, as such was none,
 “ Save only she was such:
 “ Of Argentile to say the most 255
 “ Were to be silent much.”

I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,
 The neatresse said: and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze 260
 The coote of beautie. Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies.

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
 But wherefore dost thou weepe? 265
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
 And both doe silence keepe.

“ In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
 “ As seeming I professe:
 “ But then for her, and now for thee,
 “ I from myselfe digresse. 270

“ Her loved I (wretch that I am
 “ A recreant to be)
 “ I loved her, that hated love,
 “ But now I die for thee.

“ At Kirkland is my fathers court, 275
 “ And Curan is my name,
 “ In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
 “ Till love contrould the same:

" But now — what now? — dear heart, how now?

" What ailest thou to weepe?," 280

The damfell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much
That you did love so much:

But whom your former could not move, 285
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice - beloved Argentile

Submitteth her to thee,

And for thy double love presents

Herself a single fee, 290

In passion, not in person chaung'd,

And I my lord am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,

And silent for a space,

When as the extasie had end, 295

Did tenderly imbrace;

And for their wedding, and their wish

God fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then

Was named so this land) 300

Then Curan had an hardier knight;

His force could none withstand:

Whose sheep - hooke laid apart, he then

Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305

In Argentile her right,

He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
Bernicia * too in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne, 310
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

XXIV.

C O R I N ' s F A T E.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from the quarto MS. mentioned in vol. I. p. 66. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger in the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes; 5
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

O 2

Such

* * During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 counties) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

Such is hapless Corins fate ;
 Since my waywarde love begunne
 Equall doubts begett debate 15
 What to seeke, and what to fhunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;
 Yet to speke will move disdaine:
 If I see her not I bleed ,
 Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe ?
 Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
 For to linger thus in woe
 Is the lover's sharpest hell. * *

XXV.

J A N E S H O R E.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens, the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas MORE'S history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

*" Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for co-
 " vetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife
 " (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her' of
 " al*

“ al that ever ſhe had , (above the value of 2 or 3 thou-
 “ ſand marks) and ſent her body to priſon. And when he
 “ had a while laide unto her , for the maner ſake , that ſhe
 “ went about to bewitch him , and that ſhe was of counſel
 “ with the lord chamberlein to deſtroy him : in concluſion
 “ when that no colour could faſten upon theſe matters , then
 “ he layd heinouſly to her charge the thing that herſelf could
 “ not deny , that al the world wiſt was true , and that na-
 “ theles every man laughed at to here it then ſo ſodainly ſo
 “ highly taken , — that ſhe was naught of her body. And
 “ for thys cauſe (as a goodly continent prince , clene and
 “ faultles of himſelf , ſent oute of heaven into this vicious
 “ world for the amendment of mens maners) he cauſed the
 “ biſhop of London to put her to open penance , going before
 “ the croſſe in proceſſion upon a ſonday with a taper in her
 “ hand. In which ſhe went in countenance and pace de-
 “ mure ſo womanly ; and albeit ſhe was out of al array ſave
 “ her kyrtle only , yet went ſhe ſo fair and lovely , namelye
 “ while the wondering of the people caſte a comly rud in her
 “ chekes (of which ſhe before had moſt miſſe) that her great
 “ ſhame wan her much praiſe among thoſe that were more
 “ amorous of her body , then curious of her ſoule. And many
 “ good folke alſo , that hated her living , and glad wer to ſe
 “ ſin corrected , yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoic-
 “ ced therein , when thei conſidred that the protector procured
 “ it more of a corrupt intent , then ani vertuous affeccion.

“ This woman was born in London , worſhipfully fren-
 “ ded , honeſtly brought up , and very wel maryed , ſaving
 “ ſomewhat to ſoone ; her husbande an honeſt citizen , yonge,
 “ and goodly , and of good ſubſtance. But forasmuche , as
 “ they were coupled ere ſhe wer wel ripe , ſhe not very fer-
 “ vently loved , for whom ſhe never longed. Which was
 “ happely the thinge , that the more eaſily made her encline

" unto the king's appetite , when he required her. Howbeit
 " the respect of his royaltie , the hope of gay apparel , ease ,
 " plesure and other wanton welth , was able soone to perse a
 " soft tender heart. But when the king had abused her ,
 " anon her husband (as he was an honest man and one that
 " could his good , not presuming to touch a kinges concubine)
 " left her up to him al together. When the king died , the
 " lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her * : which in the kinges
 " daies , albeit he was sore enamoured upon her , yet he for-
 " bare her , either for reverence , or for a certain frendly
 " faithfulness.

" Proper she was , and faire : nothing in her body that
 " you wold have changed , but if you would have wished her
 " somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her
 " youthe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
 " LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Who-
 " se judgement seemeth me somewhat like , as though men
 " should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed , by her
 " scalpe taken out of the charnel house ; for now is she old ,
 " lene , withered , and dried up , nothing left but ryvilde skin ,
 " and hard bone. And yet being even such , whoso wel ad-
 " vise

* After the death of Hastings , she was kept by the mar-
 quis of Dorset , son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's
Fædera is a proclamation of Richard's dated at Leicester
 Oct. 23. 1483. wherein a reward of 1000 marks in mo-
 ney , or 100 a year in land is offered for taking " Tho-
 " mas late marquis of Dorset , , who " not having the
 " fear of God , nor the solvation of his own soul , befo-
 " re his eyes , has damnably debauched and defiled many
 " maids , widows , and wives , and LIVED IN ACTU-
 " AL ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE. ,
 Buckingham was at that time in rebellion , but as Dor-
 set was not with him , Richard could not accuse him of
 treason , and therefore made a handle of these pretended
 debaucheries to get him apprehended.

“ wise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how
“ filled, wold make it a faire face.

“ Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her plea-
“ sant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both
“ rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of
“ aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting
“ without displeasure, and not without disport. The king
“ would say, That he had three concubines, which in three
“ divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another
“ the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one
“ whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any
“ place, but it wer to his bed. The other two were somewhat
“ greater personages, and natheles of their humilitè content
“ to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties,
“ but the meriest was this Shoris wife, in whom the king
“ therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her
“ he loved, whose favour to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer
“ to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but
“ to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke
“ displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind:
“ where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in
“ his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee obtai-
“ ned pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission:
“ and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in
“ gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and tho-
“ se rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with
“ the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued
“ unto, and to shew what she was able to do wyth the king,
“ or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

“ I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a
“ thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces
“ of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that hap-
“ pely shal esteeme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER. But

“ me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be re-
 “ membred, in how much she is NOW in the more beggerly
 “ condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after
 “ good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after
 “ as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days
 “ had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their ti-
 “ mes, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il-
 “ dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be mu-
 “ che lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. For men
 “ use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble;
 “ and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste.
 “ Which is not worst proved by her; for AT THIS DAYE
 “ shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day
 “ had begged, if shee had not bene.,, See More's workes,
 folio bl. let. 1557. pag. 56, 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady to
 her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her por-
 trait. “ Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow,
 “ her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony be-
 “ ing betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's
 “ colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance
 “ cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I
 “ have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in
 “ the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under
 “ one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on
 “ which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was,
 “ or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore
 “ a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour,
 “ abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concu-
 “ bine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's
 “ church-yard, COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD
 “ RELIEVE HER, which the tyrant did not so much for his
 “ hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious,
 “ he

“ he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly. ”
See *England's Heroical epistles* by Mich. Drayton Esq; Lond.
1637. 12mo.

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is “ The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of “ LIVE WITH ME, &c. [See the next vol.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen,

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king,

In maiden yeares my beautye bright 5
Was loved dear of lord and knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine; 10
And I their pleasure to fulfill
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent, 15
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
 As London yet can witness welle,
 Where many gallants did beholde
 My beautye in a fhop of golde. 20

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
 Some sweet and secret friende to wooc,
 Because chaste love I did not finde
 Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring 25
 Into the eares of Englandes king,
 Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
 But I made coye what he desir'd :

Yet mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
 Whose friendship I esteemed deare, 30
 Did saye, It was a gallant thing
 To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
 For to defile my marriage-bed,
 And wronge my wedded husband Shore, 35
 Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
 That I had made so sweet a choice;
 And therefore did my state resigne,
 To be king Edward's concubine. 40

From city then to court I went,
 To reape the pleasures of content;
 There had the joyes that love could bring,
 And knew the secrets of a king.

When

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,
 For Mrs. Blague I in fhort space
 Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in fhort time
 I made unto promotion climbe; 50
 But yet for all this costlye pride,
 My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
 His heart with deadlye grieve did sting;
 From England then he goes away, 55
 To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
 Impaired by my wanton shame;
 Although a prince of peerlesse might
 Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,
 With lords and ladies of great sorte,
 And when I smil'd all men were glad,
 But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65
 To helplesse people, that were poore;
 I still redrest the orphans crye,
 And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
 I succour'd babes of tender yeares; 70
 And never look'd for other gaine
 But love and thanks for all my paines.

At last my royall king did dye,
 And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
 When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
 King Edwards friends were soon put downe. 75

I then was punisht for my sin,
 That I so long had lived in;
 Yea, every one that was his friend,
 This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
 That made a strumpet of a wife,
 I penance did in Lombard-street,
 In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
 Who late in court my credit knewe;
 Which made the teares run down my face,
 To thinke upon my foul disgrace. 85

Not thus content, they took from mee
 My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
 And charg'd that none should me relieve,
 Nor any succour to me give. 90

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
 To whom my jewels I had sent,
 In hope thereby to ease my want,
 When riches fail'd, and love grew scant. 95

But she denyed to me the same
 When in my need for them I came;
 To recompence my former love,
 Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105
Whom I before had seen distressed,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me.

For which, by lawe, it was decreed 110
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day, 115
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes, and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus,

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
 I yielded up my vital strength, 130
 Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
 Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
 Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers faye *, 135
 Which is a witness of my sinne,
 For being concubine to a king.

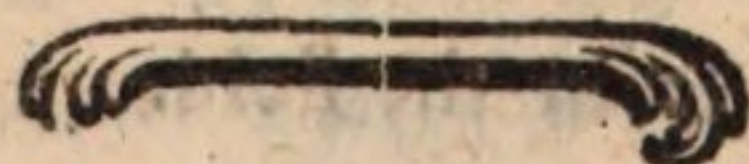
You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
 Be you assur'd that God is just;
 Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,
 That yielded only to a king,
 How shall they scape that daily run
 To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love, 145
 Left some disliking after prove;
 Women be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives:
 Then maids and wives in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

* But it had this name long before; being so called from its being
 a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
 &c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
 BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

The following old allegoric satire is printed from the editor's folio MS. This manner of moralizing, if not first adopted by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of
 that

that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE METRE
OF
PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius *, that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry: but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first, or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples **.

“ Meire

* *Literatura Runica. Hafniæ 1636. 4to. — 1651. fol.* The ISLANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. See “Five pieces of Runic poetry translated from the Islandic language, 1763.” 8vo.

** *Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. 1. p. 217.*

“ Meire og minne “ Gab ginunga
Mogu heimdaller. „ Enn gras huerge. „

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

*Their brethren the Anglo-saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters: **

“ Skeop tha and fkyrede “ Ham and heahsetl
Skyppend ure. „ Heofena rikes. „

I know not however that there is any where extant an intire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLOW-MAN'S VISIONS, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

“ In a somer season, | when ‘hot ** was the sunne,
“ I shope me into shroubs, | as I a shepe were;
“ In habite as an harmet | unholy of werkes,
“ Went wyde in thys world | wonders to heare, &c.

So

* Ibid.

** So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either ‘soft’ as in MSS, or ‘set’ as in PCC.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals; tho' the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these VISIONS OF PIERCE [*i. e.* Peter] the PLOWMAN, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx PASSUS or Breaks *, exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit and fancy censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Roberte Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title page as both of the second impression, tho' they contain evident variations in every page **. The other is said to

* The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word PASSUS, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves.

** That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title page, nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye; the other thus, nowe the

to be newlye imprinted after the authors olde
by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21. 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled *PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE*. It begins thus,

“ Cros, and curteis Christ, this beginning spede
“ For the faders frendshipe, that fourmed heaven,
“ And through the special spirit, that sprong of hem
 tweyne,
“ And al in one godhed endles dwelleth. „

The author feigns himself ignorant of his creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living *. Now that reformer dyed in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems **, two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly mar-

P 2

ked

the seconde time imprinted by Roberte Crowley. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 39. 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. &c. The booksellers of those days were not so ostentatious of multiplying editions.

* Signature C. ii. ** Caligula A. ij. fol. 109. 123.

ked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (tho' perhaps the latest written) is intitled *THE SEGE OF IERLAM*. [i. e. *Jerusalem*] being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,

- “ In Tyberius tyme . the trewe emperour
 “ Syr Sesar hymself . bested in Rome
 “ Whyll Pylat was provoste . under that prynce ryche
 “ And Jewes justice also . of Judeas londe
 “ Herode under empere . as herytage wolde
 “ Kyng, &c. ”

The other is intitled *CHEVELERE ASSIGNE* [or *De Cigne*], that is “ *The Knight of the Swan*, ” being an ancient Romance, beginning thus,

- “ All weldynge God . whene it is his wylle
 “ Wele he wereth his werke . with his owene bonde
 “ For ofte harmes were hente . that helpe we ne myzte
 “ Nere the byznes of hym . that lengeth in bevene
 “ For this &c. ”

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays *, is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same knight of the swan, newly translated out of Frenshe in to Englyshe at thinstigation of the puyssaunt and illustrious prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame. This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this “ highe dygne and illustrious prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde and Northampton, desyrynge cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of
 “ such

* X. Vol.

“ such as were relucēt in vertuous feates and triumphaunt
 “ actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty
 “ and gentell herte by the exemplificacyon of the same, ha-
 “ vyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of
 “ a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime
 “ reynyng in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his
 “ wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and
 “ a doughter, and chylded of them at one only tyme; at
 “ whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their
 “ neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydence of
 “ god into whyte swannes (save one) of the whiche this pre-
 “ sent hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the
 “ Swanne, OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY
 “ SAYDE LORDE. The whiche ententifly to have the sayde
 “ hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif
 “ countrie, as it is in other, bath of hys hie bountie by some
 “ of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster
 “ Wynkin de Worde * to put the said vertuous hystori in
 “ printe at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte
 “ Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to
 “ reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare en-
 “ glish tonge after the capacite and rudenesse of my weke en-
 “ tendement. ” — A curious picture of the times. While in
 Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth
 with classcal splendor under Leo X, the first peer of this
 realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous
 KNIGHT OF THE SWAN **.

P 3

To

* W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames. p. 92. Mr. G's copy is "Imprinted at London by me Wylliam Copland.

** He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, thro' whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This Duke was beheaded, May 17. 1521. 13 Hen. VIII.

To return to the metre of *Pierce Plowman*; In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intitled *DEATH AND LIFE*, (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which for ought that appears may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the poem, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

“ Christ christen king,
that on the crose tholed;

“ Hadd paines and passyons
to defend our soules;

“ Give us grace on the ground
the greatlye to serve,

“ For that royall red blood
that rann from thy side.”

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between “our lady dame *LIFE*,” and the “ugly fiend dame *DEATH*,” who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of dame *Life* is

“ Shee was brighter of her blee,
then was the bright sonn:

“ Her rudd redder then the rose,
that on the rise hangeth:

“ Meekely smiling with her mouth,
And merry in her lookes,

“ Ever laughing for love,
as shee like would,

“ And

“ And as shee came by the bankes,
the boughes eche one

“ They lowted to that ladye,
and layd forth their branches;

“ Blossomes, and burgens
breathed full sweete;

“ Flowers flourished in the frith,
where shee forth stepped;

“ And the grasse, that was gray,
greened belive.”

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 27th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in pag. 27, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, e. g.

“ Grant gracious God,
grant me this time &c.

It is intituled SCOTTISH FEILDE (in 2 FITTS, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9. 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural,

“ Then WE tild downe OUR tents,
that told were a thousand.”

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself,

“ He was a gentleman by Jesu,
that this gest made:

- “ Which say but as he sayd *
 for sooth and noe other.
 “ At Bagily that bearne
 his biding place had ;
 “ And his ancestors of old time
 have yearded theire longe,
 “ Before William conquerour
 this cuntry did inhabitt.
 “ Jesus bring ‘them **’ to blisse,
 that brought us forth of BALE,
 “ That hath hearkened me heare
 or heard my TALE.

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, of which county the author appears to have been from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the alliterative measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those, who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poesy, usually gi-

ven

* Probably corrupted for — ‘says but as he saw.’

** ‘us’ MS.

ven up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of *Pierce Plowman* *.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form; the author of *SCOTTISH FIELD*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet of rhymes; this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament. When rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained with it: the song of *LITTLE JOHN NOBODY* exhibits this union very clearly. It may also be traced, tho' not so perfectly, in an older poem by no means inelegant, intitled *A DIALOGUE [between a falcon and pye] DEFENSIVE FOR WOMEN AGAYNST MALICIOUS DETRACTOURES*. The author's name *ROBERT VAGHANE* is prefixed to a few epiloguizing sonnets at the end of the book, which thus concludes *Thus endeth the fawcon and the pye*. Anno Dni. 1542. Imprinted by me *Rob. Wyer* for *Richarde Bankes, &c.* If this dissertation were not already too prolix I could give some pleasing extracts from this poem.

To proceed; the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without the more fashionable ornament of rhyme, and therefore rhyme was superadded. This correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common burlesque alexandrine **, now never used but in songs

P 5

and

* And in that of *Robert of Gloucester*. See the next note.

** What is here called the burlesque alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables,

and pieces of low humour, as in the following ballad, and that wellknown doggrel,

“ A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall.,”

But altho' this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity: the French heroic verse is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our doggrel of its alliteration and fettered with rhyme. But, less restrained than ours, it still exercises its ancient power of augmenting and contracting the number of its syllables, its harmony wholly depending on the disposal of the pause, and adjustment of the cadence. It is remarkable that while the heroic verse of the English, Italian, and Spanish poets is invariably limited to ten syllables *, that of the French, a loose rambling kind of measure, is confined to no certain number, but admits of such variety that a verse of eleven syllables shall not unfrequently be coupled to another of fourteen. This freedom better fits it for the loose numbers of
stage,

syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples p. 152. &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen,

“ The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thiȝ were so rive,
“ Seve kingdoms made in Engelande, and suthe but vive:
“ The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
“ Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March therto.,”

* Or eleven, when terminated with a double rhyme. I believe both the Spanish and English poets borrowed their heroic verse of ten syllables from the Italian, or perhaps Provençal Bards,

stage, than for the more stately measure of Epic poetry. The *Visions of Pierce Plowman* and other pieces in the alliterative metre, exhibit the same variety, with a cadence so exactly resembling the heroic measure of the French poets, that no peculiarity of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre.

The metre of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* has no kind of relation with what is commonly called blank verse, yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause. So that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means displeasing, but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only somewhat less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

AS I walked of late by an wood side,
 To God for to meditate was mine entent;
 Where under an hawthorne I suddenly spyed
 A filly poore creature ragged and rent,
 With bloody teares his face was besprent,
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
 I stept to him straight, and did him require
 His name and his secrets to shew unto mee.
 His head he cast up, and woeful was hee,
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd me sit downe,
 And I will, faith he, declare my whole greefe; 16
 My name is called, CONSCIENCE: — wheratt he did
 frowne,

He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
 ‘Thoughe now, filly wretche, I’m denyed all relcefe,’
 ‘Yet’ while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20
 I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
 For with the kinges counsell I fate in commission;
 Dukes, earles, and barons esteem’d of my name;
 And how that I liv’d there, needs no repetition: 25
 I was ever holden in honest condition,
 For how-e’er the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
 When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
 But one pore peny, that was their fine; 30
 And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
 The poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine:
 I ruled the world with the right line:
 For nothing ere passed betweene foe and friend,
 But Conscience was called to be at the end. 35

Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold make
 But I was called a witnesse therto:
 No use for noe money, nor forfeit wold take,
 But I wold controule them, if that they did foe:
 And that makes me live now in great woe, 40
 For then came in Pride, Sathan’s disciple,
 That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Ufury, beside:
They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-
fall;

45

Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed

To have had entertainment with some one or other;

But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to Court the gallants to winne,

50

But the porter kept me out of the gate:

To Barle'mew spittle to pray for my sinne,

They bade me goe packe, itt was fit for my state;

Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.

Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,

With whom I ever esteemed have beene.

56

Then went I to London, where once I did dwell:

But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;

For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!

They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame;

60

They laught at my raggs, and there had good game;

This is old thread-bare Conscience, that dwelt with

faint Peter;

But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know;

I having but one poore pennye in my purse,

65

On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;

For I thought better cobble shoes than to doe worse:

Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,

And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,

And whipp me out of towne to seeke where I was

borne.

70

Then

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany intituled, "The Garland of Goodwill." — IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient father,

And give you a good daye;

What is the cause, I praye you,

So sadly here you staye?

And that you keep such gazing

On this decayed place,

The which for superstition,

Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,

That zometimes che have knowne

A vair and goodly abbey

Stand here of bricke and stone,

And many a holy vrier,

As ich may say to thee,

Within these goodly cloysters

Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,

In truthe and veritiè,

A sort of greater hypocrites

Thou couldst not likely see;

Deceiving

Deceiving of the simple
 With false and feigned lies:
 But such an order truly
 Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmall thee now, man; 25
 Che know well what thou art;
 A vellow of mean learning,
 Che was not worth a vart:
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then; 30
 And every thing was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
 As did the Jewes sometimes
 Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35
 When he accus'd their crimes:
 'Twas merry, sayd the people,
 And joyfull in our rea'me,
 When we did offer spice-cakes
 Unto the queen of heav'n. 40

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
 Before the vriers went hence,
 A bushell of the best wheate
 Was zold vor vourteen pence,
 And vorty egges a penny, 45
 That were both good and newe;
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
 And yed ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
 We find it written plaine,
 The latter days should troublesome
 And dangerous be, certaine;
 That we should be self-lovers,
 And charity wax colde;
 Then 'tis not true religion
 That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
 And choul that well ye knewe;
 Ich care not for the bible booke;
 'Tis too big to be true.
 Our blessed ladyes psalter
 Zhall for my money goe,
 Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,
 The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our lady,
 Or Romish faint we read:
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was,
 And not by fimple persons,
 As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolifhe
 That made the masse, che trowe:
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
 And vools not Latine knowe,

Were

Were nout our fathers wife men,
 And they did like it well,
 Who very much rejoyced
 To heare the zacring bell? 80

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
 As I may fay to thee,
 Have wisht the light that you have,
 And could it never see;
 For what art thou the better 85
 A Latin song to heare,
 And understandest nothing,
 That they sing in the quiere.

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
 The noise was passing trim 90
 To heare the vriers zinging,
 As we did enter in:
 And then to zee the rood loft
 Zo bravely zet with zaints; —
 But now to zee them wandring 95
 My heart with zorrow vaints.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
 No image thou shouldest make,
 Nor that unto idolatry
 You should your self betake: 100
 The golden calf of Israel
 Moses did therefore spoile;
 And Baal's priests and temple
 Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham 105
 Was a pure and holy zaint,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did shew to her complaint;
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
 And many other moe; 110
 The holy maid of Kennt * likewise
 Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
 To your profession fure;
 And to the men that made them, 115
 So precious and so pure;
 The one for being a traytoure,
 Met an untimely death;
 The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath. 120

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille:
 But zure they did much goodnesse;
 Would they were with us stille!
 We had our holy water, 125
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.

* By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap. 21. 1534. Stow.
 p. 570.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
 With vain and emtye fhowe,
 Which never Christ commanded,
 As learned doctors knowe:
 Search then the holy scriptures,
 And thou shalt plainly see
 That headlong to damnation
 They alway trained thee.

130

135

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
 As thou dost zay to mee,
 Unto my heavenly fader
 Alone then will I flee:
 Believing in the Gospel,
 And passion of his zon,
 And with the zubtil papistes
 Ich have for ever done.

140

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sate near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person na-

“ med Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was pre-
 “ sent at our Lord's crucifixion and conv^ersed with him,
 “ and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian
 “ faith. „ The archbishop answered. That the fact was
 true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known
 to a servant of the abbot's interpreting his master's words,
 told them in French, that his lord knew the person they
 spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a
 little while before he left the East: that he had been Pon-
 tius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they
 were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment hall,
 struck him with his fist on the back, saying, “ Go faster,
 “ Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger? „ Upon which Je-
 sus looked at him with a frown and said, “ I indeed am
 “ going, but thou shalt tarry till I come. „ Soon after he
 was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He
 lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls
 into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or extasy,
 out of which when he-recovers he returns to the same state
 of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about
 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the
 death and resurection of Christ, the saints that arose with
 him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching,
 and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person.
 This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was
 himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time
 when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals
 under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW;
 whose several histories may be seen in Calmetes dictionary of
 the bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. 2. Book 3. Let.
 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one,
 who

who appeared at *Hamburgh* in 1547, and pretended he had been a *Jewish Shoemaker* at the time of christ's crucifixion. — The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a blackletter copy in the *Pepys Collection*.

WHEN as in faire *Jerusalem*
 Our Saviour Christ did live,
 And for the sins off all the worlde
 His own deare life did give;
 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and seornes
 Did dailye him molest,
 That never till he left his life,
 Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace,
 In scornfull fort they led him forthe
 Unto his dying place;
 Where thousand thousands in the streete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there,
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the streete he wente,
 And nothing found but churlish tauntes,
 By every ones consente :
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to fainte,
 With blood and water sweat.

Being wearye thus, he sought for rest, 25
 To ease his burthened soule,
 Upon a stone; the which a wretch
 Did churlishly controul;
 And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here; 30
 Pass on; thy execution place
 Thou see'st nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
 At which our Saviour sayd,
 I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke, 35
 And have no journey stayd.
 With that this cursed shoemaker,
 For offering Christ this wrong,
 Left wife and children, house and all,
 And went from thence along. 40

Where after he had seene the bloude
 Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
 And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
 Awaye with speed he fled
 Without returning backe againe 45
 Unto his dwelling place,
 And wandred up and downe the worlde,
 A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
 No ease, nor hearts content; 50
 No house, no home, no biding place:
 But wandring forth he went

From

From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
 With grieved conscience still,
 Repenting for the heinous guilt
 Of his fore-passed ill. 55

Thus after some fewe ages past
 In wandring up and downe,
 He much again-desired to see
 Jerusalems renowne, 60
 But finding it all quite destroyd,
 He wandred thence with woe,
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
 To veresie and showe.

I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke, 65
 So doth this wandring Jewe
 From place to place, but cannot rest
 For seeing countries newe;
 Declaring still the power of him,
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70
 And of all things done in the east,
 Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
 And seene those nations strange,
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75
 Their idol gods doe change:
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
 Of time forepast, and gone,
 And to the princes of the worlde
 Declares his cause of moane: 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
 And yeild his mortal breath;
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
 He shall not yet see death.
 For neither lookes he old nor young,
 But as he did those times,
 When Christ did suffer on the crosse
 For mortall sinners crimes.

H' hath past through many a foreigne place,
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
 And throughout all Hungaria:
 Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
 Those blest apostles deare;
 There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
 In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
 With many a German towne;
 And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
 He wandreth up and downe:
 Where learned men with him conferre
 Of those his lingering dayes,
 And wonder much to heare him tell
 His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
 The most that he will take
 Is not above a groat a time;
 Which he, for Jesus' sake,

Will

Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare, 110
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laughe nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries, 115
And dayes forepast and gone:
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christ againe. 120

If you had seene his death, faith he,
As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine 125
Of torments, and all woes.
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

T H E L Y E,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

— is found in a very scarce miscellany intituled "Davison's
" Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie devided into sixe bookes
" The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put
" into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621.

" 12mo. "

" 12mo., This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29. 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608 *: the other in 1611 **. So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603.

G O E, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;

Feare not to touch the best,

The truth shall be thy warrant:

Goe, since I needs must dye,

And give the world the lye. 5

Goe tell the court, it glowes

And shines like rotten wood;

Goe tell the church it shewes

What's good, and doth no good: 10

If church, and court reply,

Then give them both the lye.

Till potentates they live

Acting by others actions,

Not lov'd unlesse they give, 15

Not strong but by their factions:

If potentates reply,

Give potentates the lye.

Tell

* Catalog. of T. Rawlinson 17..

** Cat. of Sion coll. library, This is either lost or mislaid.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell

Tell phyficke of her boldnesse;

Tell skill, it is pretension;

Tell charity of coldness;

Tell law, it is contention;

And as they yield reply,

So give them still the lye.

50

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;

Tell nature of decay;

Tell friendship of unkindnesse;

Tell justice of delay:

And if they dare reply,

Then give them all the lye.

55

60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse;

But vary by esteeming;

Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,

And stand too much on seeming:

If arts, and schooles reply,

Give arts, and schooles the lye.

65

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;

Tell how the countrey erreth;

Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;

Tell, vertue least preferreth:

And, if they doe reply,

Spare not to give the lye.

70

So, when thou hast, as I

Commanded thee, done blabbing,

Although to give the lye

Deserves no less than stabbing,

Yet stab at thee, who will,

No stab the soule can kill.

75

V.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former volume. See book I. ballad XIV. and book II. ballad IV. — If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill;

Whan night was cum, and fun was sett,

They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill:

A' ! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,

A wife wull neir wed yee.

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,

A gude rede gie to mee:

O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,

And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane;
 And the little beauty fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane!

20

And he has till his brother gane:
 Now brother rede ye mee;
 A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre;
 And I fall hae nothing to my fell,
 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

30

And he has till his sifter gane:
 Now sifter rede ye mee;
 O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And set fair Annet free?

35

He rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane;
 Left ye fould figh and say, Alace!
 What is this we brought hame?

40

No, I will tak my mithers counfel,
 And marrie me owt o' hand;
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
 Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up

Up then rose fair Annets father 45
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annct, he says,
Put on your sicken fheene; 50
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke
And see that rich weddeen.

My maidens, gae to my dressing roome,
And drefs to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before, 55
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And drefs to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work. 60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was fhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells 65
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side, 70
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan fhe cam to Maries kirk,
 She fat on Maries ftean;
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It fkinkled in their een.

75

And whan fhe cam into the kirk
 She fhimmer'd like the fun,
 The belt that was about her waift,
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

80

She fat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer fae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 Whan fair Annet drew near.

He had a rofe into his hand,
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

85

Up than fpak the nut-browne bride,
 She fpak wi' meikle fpite;
 And whair gat ye that rofe-water,
 That does mak yee fae white?

90

O I did get the rofe-water,
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,
 For I did get that very rofe-water
 Into my mithers wame.

95

The bride fhe drew a long bodkin,
 Frae out her gay head gear,
 And ftrake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word fpak nevir mair.

100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee:
 But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
 A' wood - wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was fae fharp, 105
 That was fae fharp and meet,
 And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd; 110
 Than strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk - wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk, 115
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They were twa luvvers deare. 120

VI.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

*This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections,
 from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland
 of princely delights."*

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest,

“ Full fadom five thy father lies,
 “ Of his bones are corall made;
 “ Those are pearles that were his eyes;
 “ Nothing of him, that doth fade,
 “ But doth suffer a sea-change
 “ Into something rich and strange:
 “ Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
 “ Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell. „
 [“ Burthen, Ding dong. „]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
 For evermore farewell!
 Ay me! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead!
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
 Our bridal bed was made:
 But 'stead of filkes so gay,
 She in her shroud is laid.
 Ding, &c.

Her

Her corpse shall be attended
 By maides in fair array,
 Till th' obsequies are ended, 15
 And she is wrapt in clay.
 Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
 By youths, that do excell:
 And when that she is buried 20
 I thus will ring her knell,
 Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
 By art and natures skill,
 Of fundry - colour'd flowers,
 In token of good - will:
 Ding, &c.

And fundry - colour'd ribbands 25
 On it I will bestow;
 But chiefly black and yellowe *
 With her to grave shall go.
 Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen, 30
 And with my tears, as flowers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.
 Ding, &c.

R 3

Instead

* See above, pag. 175.

Instead of fairest colours,
 Set forth with curious art,
 Her image shall be painted
 On my distressed heart.
 Ding, &c.

35

'And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 "Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 "That e'er gave shepherd care."
 Ding, &c.

40

In fable will I mourne;
 Blacke shall be all my weede,
 Ay me! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

45

My Phillida is dead!
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

VII.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.," The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last. but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth revising, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers: for besides the two copies abovementioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intituled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT.", Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this stinging moral,

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,

"When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, "To the tune of Derry down."

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon

Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburie;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crowne.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
 I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
 And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
 For spending of my owne true-gotten geere. 20

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
 And now for the same thou needest must dye,
 For except thou canst answer me questions three,
 Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25
 With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe
 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride the whole world about;
 And at the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
 Nor I cannot answer your grace, as yet;
 But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
 Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
 And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
 For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40

Away rode the abbot all fad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45

And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:

How now, my lord abbot, you're welcome home;

What newes do you bring us from good king John?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;

That I have but three days more to live: 50

For if I do not answere him questions three,

My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,

With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,

Among all his liege-men so noble of birth, 55

To within one penny of what he is worthe.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,

How soone he may ride this whole world about:

And at the thirde question I must not shrink,

But tell him there truly what he does thinke. 60

Now cheare up, fire abbot, did you never hear yet,

That a fool may learn a wise man witt?

Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,

And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65

I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:

And if you will but lend me your gowne,

There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,

With sumptuous array most gallant and brave; 70

With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,

Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, fire abbot, the king did say,
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three, 75
 Thy life and thy living both saved fhall bee.

And first, when thou seeft me here in this ftead,
 With my crown of golde fo fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men fo noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth. 80

For thirty pence our Saviour was fold
 Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
 And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worfer than hee.

The king he laughed, and fware by St. Bittel*, 85
 I did not think I had been worth fo littel!
 — Now fecondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How foone I may ride this whole world about.

You must rife with the fun, and ride with the fame,
 Until the next morning he rifeth againe; 90
 And then your grace need not make any doubt,
 But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about.

The king he laughed, and fware by St. Jone,
 I did not think, it could be gone fo foone!
 — Now from the third question thou must not fhrinke,
 But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

Yea, that fhall I do, and make your grace merry;
 You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbùry;

But

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee. 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
He make thee lord abbot this daye in his place!
Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

* *

VIII.

VERSES BY K. JAMES I.

As in the former book we gave two sonnets of Q. Elizabeth, we were willing to afford the reader a short specimen of the poetical talents of her successor James I. and we the rather selected this, as it shows his majesty's dexterity at puning, and is mentioned in no catalogue of his works. It properly consists of long alexandrines, and is preserved in "A choice collection of Scots poems," 8vo. part II. Edinburgh, 1709.

"K. James (says the editor of that book) having returned to Sterling the 18th of July, 1617, on the morrow deigned with his presence some philosophick disputations; and gave the following characters of the performers."

AS Adam was the first of men,
 whence all beginning takt:
 So Adamson was president,
 and first man in this act.
 The theses Fairlie did defend,
 which, though they lies contein,
 Yet were fair lies, and he the same
 right fairlie did maintein.
 The feild first entred Master Sands,
 and there he made me see,
 That not all sands are barren sands,
 but that some fertile bee.
 Then Master Young most subtilie,
 the theses did impugne,
 And kythed old in Aristotle,
 although his name be Young.
 To him succeeded Master Reid,
 who, though Reid be his name,
 Neids neither for his dispute bluffs
 nor of his speech think fhame.
 Last entred Master King the lifts,
 and disput like a king,
 How reason reigning, as a queene,
 shuld anger under-bring.
 To their deserved praise have I
 thus playd upon their names,
 And wil's their colledge hence be cal'd
 the colledge of king JAMES.

IX.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

It is owing to an oversight that this old ballad is not placed higher in the volume. It is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; some breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne seems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlând,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delight.

To

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were, the king himfelfe, 15
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;
 And he mun fell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee:
 But John is become a gentel'-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
 Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
 My lande nowe take it unto thee, 30
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande fshall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a gods - pennie *;
 But for every pounce that John agreed, 35
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He

* i. e. earnest money: from the French Denier à Dieu.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne. 40

Thus he hath sold his land foe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood farr off in a lonely glenne.

For foe he to his father hight: 45
My sonne when I am gonne, sayd hee,
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

But sweare me now upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend; 50
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they flunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never á penny left but three,
The tone was brasse, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white monèy.

Nowe well-away, fayd the heire of Linne, 65

Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trustie friend have I
And why fhold I feel dole or care? 70

Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd thriftles loone, 75
And bade him fharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, fayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning fhamer:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, 85
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on mee,
I there fhold find a trusty friend.



P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles:
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe:
 No shimmering funn here ever shone;
 No halefome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
 These words were written so plain to see:
 " Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all;
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie?

" All this my boding mind misgave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend:
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely fhent wi' this rebuke, 25
 Sorely fhent was the heire of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was neare-to braft
 With guilt and forrowe, fhame and finne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three: 30
 " This is a trusty friend indeed,
 " And is right welcome unto mee. „

Then round his necke the corde he drew,
 And sprung aloft with his bodie:
 When lo! the cieling burst in twaine, 35
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd. 40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there:
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chefts in fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45
 The third was full of white money,
 And over them in broad letters
 These words were written so plaine to see.

" Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
 " Amend thy life and follies past; 50
 " For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 " That rope must be thy end at last. „

And

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
 And let it be, but if I amend *:
 For here I will make mine avow, 55
 This reade ** fhall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne;
 Away he went with a merry cheare:
 I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
 Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Up at the spcere then looked hee;
 There fate three lords at the bordes end,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne 65
 To John o' the Scales, then louted hee:
 I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
 One forthy pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou triftless loone,
 Away, away, this may not bee: 70
 For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee:
 Madame, some almes on me beslowe, 75
 I pray for sweet faint Charitie.

S 2

Away,

* i. e. unless I amend.

** i. e. advice, counsel.

Away, away, thou triftlefs loone,
 I fwear thou getteft no almes of mee;
 For if we fhould hang any lofel heere,
 The firft we wold begin with thee. 80

Then befpoke a good fellðwe,
 Which fat at John o' the Scales his bord;
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
 Some time thou waft a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou haft been, 85
 And fparedft not thy gold and fee,
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him fit in thy companee: 90
 For well I wot thou hadft his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then fpake him John o' the Scales,
 All wood he answer'd him againe:
 Now Chrifts curfe on my head, hee fayd, 95
 But I did lofe by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
 Before thefe lords fo faire and free,
 Thou fhalt have it backe again better cheape,
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he faid.
 With that he gave him a gods pennée:
 Now by my fay, fayd the heire of Linne,
 And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105
 And layd them down upon the bord:
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
 Soe fhent he cold fay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle dinne. 110
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend me:
 Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:
 Now welladay! and woe is my life!
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
 Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee:
 When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales Ile come to thee.

XII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given

*from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection
compared with another printed among some miscellaneous
" poems and songs „ in a book intituled, " Le Prince d'a-
" mour. „ 1660. 8vo.*

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worfhiphul gentleman, who had a greate
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word affwages;
Hee every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,

But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by
his looks,

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns and
bows,

With old fwords, and bucklers, that had born many
fhrewd blows,

And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
 That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
 bounds,
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
 pounds;

Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours
 be kind:

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
 clin'd;

Like a young courtier of the king's,

And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
 Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
 And takes up a thousand pound upon his fathers land,
 And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
 stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,
 or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new, fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that doe the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals neer
stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stufte full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that fwears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and
toys;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
the meat,

With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
gold,
For which fundry of his ancestors old manors are fold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so
cold,

Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

XIII.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

*When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000 l. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the
" Englishmen's fine cloaths., [Lloyd's memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.*

*This humorous lampoon, supposed to have been written by Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, is found in a small poetical miscellany intitled, "Musarum deliciae: or the
" muses recreation, conteining several pieces of poetique wit.
" 2d edition. — By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and
" Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656. 12mo.," — See Wood's Athenæ. II. 397. 481.*

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
 To Scotland for to ride - a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
 To guard him on every side - a

No Errant - knight ever went to fight 5
 With halfe so gay a bravado,
 Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
 Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windowes to see
 So gallant and warlike a fight - a, 10
 And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
 Sir John, why will you go fight - a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
 His heart would not relent - a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15
 Or why should he repent - a?

The king (God blefs him!) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop - a:
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop - a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Weart - a;
 But when there were fhowes of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was nothing so peart - a.

For wehen the Scots army came within fight, 25
 And all prepar'd to fight - a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe fh*te - a.

The

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van - a, 30
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man - a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and morea,
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away, 35
 And ne'er saw the enemy more - a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increafe
 His money, which lately he spent - a,
 But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
 At Barwick away it went - a. 40

XIV.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

This excellent sonnet which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the house of commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ. Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This

*This song is printed from a volume of his poems intituled,
"Lucaſta, 1649. 12mo." collated with a copy in the edi-
tor's folio MS.*

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whiſper at my grates,
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no ſuch libertie.

When flowing cups run ſwiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careleſſe heads with roſes crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirſty grieve in wine we ſteepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fiſhes, that tippie in the deepe,
Know no ſuch libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With ſhriller note ſhall ſing
The mercye, ſweetneſs, majeſtye,
And glories of my king,
When I ſhall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great ſhould be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no ſuch libertie.

Stone

Ver. 10. with woe-allaying themes. MS.

Stone walls doe not a prifon make ,

25

Nor iron barres a cage,

Mindes , innocent, and quiet, take

That for an hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,

And in my foule am free,

30

Angels alone, that foare above,

Enjoy fuch libertie.

XV.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING - CROSS.

Charing - croſſ, as it ſtood before the civil wars, was one of thoſe beautiful Gothic obeliſks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I, who built ſuch a one wherever the herſe of his beloved Eleanor reſted in its way from Lincolnſhire to Weſtminſter. But neither its ornamental ſituation, the beauty of its ſtructure, nor the noble deſign of its erection (which did honour to humanity) could preſerve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For in 164.. it was demolifhed by order of the Houſe of Commons, as popiſh and ſuperſtitious. This occaſioned the following not-unhumorous ſarcaſm, which has been often printed among the popular ſonnets of thoſe times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the ſervice of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins, and Rich. Chaloners, ſuffered death July 5. 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. II. 24.

U Ndone, undone the lawyers are,

They wander about the towne,

Nor can find the way to Weſtminſter,

Now Charing - croſſ is downe:

At

At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5
 Swearing they are at a loss,
 And chaffing say, that's not the way,
 They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting, 10
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were sitting.
 They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand, 15
 But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
 Were hang'd for long agoe. 20
 Our parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended,
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word,
 Against the parliament.
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed, 30
 In troth I'll take my bible oath,
 It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
 To popery it was bent;
 For ought I know, it might be so,
 For to church it never went.
 What with excise, and such device,
 The kingdom doth begin
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
 Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood,
 So firmly to the city.
 Since crosses you so much disdain,
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the king should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tiburn too. 45

XVI.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I. Lond. 1668. fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned. — Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in Westminster Drollery, or a choice collection of . . . songs and poems, 1671. 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
 Your incivility doth shew,
 That innocence is tempest proof;
 Though furly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm; 5
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me:
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty: 10
 Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorèt.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15
 The salamander should be burn'd;
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
 The pelican her wilderness; 20
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:
 Contentment cannot smart, stoicks we see
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
 And for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron fhackles there:
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high - prized margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
 Retirement is a piece of majesty, 35
 And thus, proud fultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here fin for want of food must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep vice out, and keep me in: 40
 Malice of late's grow charitable fure,
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
 Thinking t' have made his purpose fure,
 By a malicious friendly knife 45
 Did only wound him to a cure:
 Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
 Mischief, oftentimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem; 50
 And to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him:
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king 55
 Neither in person or in coin,
 Yet contemplation is a thing,
 That renders what I have not, mine:
 My king from me what adamant can part,
 Whom I do wear engraven on my heart? 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
 How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage?
 Even then her charming melody doth prove, 65
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty;
 But though they do my corps confine,
 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free: 70
 And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
 Although my baser part's immew'd,
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair 75
 T' accompany my solitude:
 Although rebellion do my body binde,
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

XVII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

*" This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to
 " prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy said
 " to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.]
 " The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there
 " are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain
 " of majestic piety., Mr. Walpole's royal and noble au-
 thors. Vol. I.*

It is in his "Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton.," p. 379. that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN "IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of "the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, "renders them very pathetic.," See his hist. 1763. 4to. vol. 5. p. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them. — These are the only verses known of Charles's composure. They do not properly fall within the plan of this work, but we make the same plea for their insertion, as we did for those of his two immediate predecessors.

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royltie)
With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent feed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed 35
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 40
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
 Whilst on his father's head his foes advance;
 Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance, 45

With my own power my majesty they wound,
 In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd:
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
 My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50
 And the Almighty will not let me grant.
 They promise to erect my royal stem,
 To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
 If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
 Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
 I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
 That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
 To prove the king a traytor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
 They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
 Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
 Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
 As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
 How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
 Yet though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

XVIII.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, corrected by another preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c.", 1684. 12mo. — To the tune of Old Simon the king.

Rebellion hath broken up house,
 And hath left me old lumber to sell;
 Come hither, and take your choice,
 I'll promise to use you well:
 Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
 Which was warm and easie to sit in,
 And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
 When as it was fouler than fitting.
 Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
 The fattest, that ever were spent?
 They're the sides of the old committees,
 Fed up in the long parliament.
 Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
 And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
 They are made of the presbyters lungs,
 To blow up the coals of rebellion.
 Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge; 20

But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeake higher, 25
Than ever they could before.

Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the RUMP fell unto the ground. 30

Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot. 35
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beefom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store. 40

Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the ropers trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a very good clyster-pipe,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,
And often-times it hath been whip'd,
After curing the colds of the RUMP.

Here's a lump of Pilgrims - Salve, 50
 Which once was a justice of peace,
 Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
 But now it is come to this.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55
 If any good fellow will take it;
 No Virginia had ee'r such a smack-o,
 And I'll tell you how they did make it:
 'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
 Up with the Abjuration oath; 60
 And many of them, that have taok't,
 Complain it was foul in the mouth.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve 65
 To cure the scab of the nation,
 Whene'er 't has an itch to fwerve
 To Rebellion by Innovation.
 A lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scarce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out 70
 Before they ever were thought on,
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great faddle,
 With which it jocky'd the nation?
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75
 And curb of Diffimulation.
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
 And their fair dissembling cloak,
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an independent smock. 80
 Says old Simon, &c. Will

Will you buy a conscience oft turn'd,
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd?
 But hell will buy that if the worst is. 85
 Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
 With which old noll's horns she did rub,
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
 Says old Simon, &c. 90

Here's the purse of the publique faith;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, 95
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
 Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, 100
 And here are his dray. and his flings;
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;
 With diverse other odd things:

T 5

And

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her true name was Elizabeth: to the latter part of the verse hangs some tale that is now forgotten.

Ver. 94. See Grey's Hudibras Pt. 1. Cant 2. ver. 570. &c.

Ver. 100. 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye? 105
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story.
 Says old Simon, &c.

XIX.

O L D T O M O F B E D L A M.

M A D S O N G T H E F I R S T.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestible, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds: the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time, but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses.

ses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth towards the end; and the two last within this present century.

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abyffe of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule:
Harke, howe the angrie furies houle!
Pluto laughes, and proserpine is gladd.
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angrie moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenes:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man:
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!

Harke!

Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
 The carman 'gins to whistle;
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles, 25
 To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
 Bid Charles make ready his waine
 To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
 Mars met Venus in the darke; 30
 Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
 And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light, 35
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrell;
 Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
 Bestryd a strong-beere barrell. 40

To mee he dranke,
 I did him thanke,
 But I could get no cyder;
 He dranke whole butts
 Till he burst his gutts, 45
 But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
 A little drinke for charitye!

Harke,

Harke, I hear Acteons horne!
 The huntsmen whoop and hallowe: 50
 Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
 All the chafe do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
 Eates powder'd beefe, turnip, and carret,
 But a cup of old Malaga sacke 55
 Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XX.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,
 MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, And is printed from the 3d edition of his poems; 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor's folio MS.

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the pope,
 As well as the best in the college? 5
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Miters, copes, and rochets;
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotches.

In

In the house of pure Emanuel *

I had my education,

Where my friends surmise

I dazel'd my eyes

With the sight of revelation.

Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,

They lash'd my four poor quarters;

Whilst this I endure,

Faith makes me sure

To be one of Foxes martyrs.

Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer

Through antichrist's perswasion:

Take off this chain,

Neither Rome nor Spain

Can resist my strong invasion.

Boldly I preach,

Of the beasts then horns (God blefs us!)

I have knock'd off three already;

If they let me alone

I'll leave none:

But they say I am too heady.

Boldly I preach, &c.

When

* Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on,
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35
There fought I with this monster:
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40
With the lance of inspiration;
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45
With a flying book * between them.
I have been in despair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading Greenham **.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I

* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v.
ver. 1.

** See Greenham's works, fol. 1605. particularly the tract
intituled, "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience."

I observ'd in Perkins tables* 50
 The black line of damnation;
 Those crooked veins
 So Stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55
 I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
 Till I prick'd my foot
 With an Hebrew root,
 That I bled beyond all measure.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop**, 60
 And all the high commiffion;
 I gave him no grace,
 But told him to his face
 That he favour'd superstition.
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Miters, copes, and rotchets:
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotchets.

XXI.

* See Perkins's Works, fol 1616. vol. 1. p. 11; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing "a survey, or table declaring the order of the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c.", The pedigree of damnation being Distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

** Laud.

XXI.

THE LUNATIC LOVER.

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

— is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection: both in black-letter.

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
 And bring hither all your train;
 See how the pale moon does waste,
 And just now is in the waine.
 Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5
 And revelling witches away,
 And hug me close in your arms;
 To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain: 10
 I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kifs her, and kifs her again:
 But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then, a pise on her love! let her go;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud, 15
 And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
 Since reason departs away;
 I call to those hags for a cure,
 As knowing not what I say: 20
 The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now flights me with scorn and disdain;
 I never shall see her more:
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,

And hurry me hence away,

My languishing live to you

A tribute I freely pay:

To the elysian shades I post

In hopes to be freed from care.

Where many a bleeding ghost

Is hovering in the air.

60

XXII.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEY'S comedies of *Don Quixote* acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty mad woman as 1. sullenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXIV. are printed from D'urfey's "*Pills to purge Melancholy.*," 1719. vol. I.

FROM rofie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,

Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;

Teach me in soft melodious strains to move

With tender passion my heart's darling joy:

Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice,

To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

5

Or, if more influencing
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 With a frisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy:

10

As once on Ida dancing
 Were three celestial bodies:
 With an air, and a face,
 And a shape, and a grace,
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

15

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
 Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

20

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, and drown
 Among the foaming billows?
 Increasing all with tears I shed,
 On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

25

No, no, I'll straight run mad, mad, mad,
 That soon my heart will warm;
 When once the sense is fled, is fled,
 Love has no power to charm.

30

Wild

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
 Robes, locks — shall thus — be tore! 35
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
 Ere thus, thus, in vain, — ere thus in vain adore.

XXIII.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH.

*From the Hive, a collection of songs. 4 vols. 1724. 12mo
 where may be found two or three other MAD SONGS not ad-
 mitted into this collection.*

I Go to the Elyfian fhade,
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,
 But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain, 5
 From her disdain I fly;
 She is the cause of all my pain,
 For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
 When he but half his radiant course has run, 10
 When his meridian glories gaily shine,
 And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
 Which now so full appears;
 Those streams, that do so swiftly glide, 15
 Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
 And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store,
 Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
 I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again. 20

Pity my pains,
 Ye gentle fwains!
 Cover me with ice and snow,
 I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me, 25
 Quickly bear me
 To the dismal shades below!
 Where yelling, and howling.
 And grumbling, and growling
 Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,
 Fiery lakes
 Would be a pleasure, and a cure:
 Not all the hells,
 Where Pluto dwells, 35
 Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
 On a mossy carpet lay me,
 Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
 Let me die, and so have ease! 40

XXIV.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, as well as Num. XXII, was originally sung in one of D'URFEY'S comedies of Don Quixote. A circumstance which was not known when p. 343 was printed off.

I Burn, my brain consumes to ashes!
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler! 5
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
 'Tis sultry weather,
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
 But be never the cooler. 10

'Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebell,
 From love's awfull throne a curst angel I fell;
 And mourn now my fate,
 Which myself did create: 15
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
 Of ye vain fantastic toys! —
 That dress this face — this body — to allure!
 Bring me dagger, poison, fire! 20
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I endure.

XXV.

L I L L I B U R L E R O .

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philipics of demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer,

*“ A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the
 “ papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner,
 “ which had a burden said to be Irish words, Lero, lero,
 “ lillyburlero, that made an impression on the [king’s] army
 “ that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The
 “ whole army, and at last the people both in city and coun-
 “ try, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had
 “ so slight a thing so great an effect.,” Burnet.*

*It was written on occasion of the king’s nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, general Talbot, newly created earl of Tirconel, a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his biggotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general; and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violencies of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King’s “ State of the protestants in Ire-
 “ land.,” 1691, 4to.*

LILLIBURLEO is said to have been the watch-word used among the Irish papists in their massacre of the protestants in 1641.

HO !

HO! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by fhaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all de English troate.

Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, 15

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang magna Charta, and dem in a rope.

Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilli, &c. 20

And with brave lads is coming aboard:

Lilli, &c.

Who all in france have taken a sware,

Lilli, &c.

Dat they will have no protestant heir. 25

Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?

Lilli, &c.

Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

Lilli, &c. 30

But fee de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.

And we fhall have commissions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mafs, 35
Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an afs.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down, 40
Lilli, &c.

By Cherifh and fhaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophefy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.

" Ireland fhall be rul'd by an afs, and a dog.," 45
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophefy is come to pafs',
Lilli, &c.

For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de afs. 50
Lilli, &c.

XXVI.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

— was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, esq;
who died March 25, 1754. aged 50. It is printed from
an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760.
12mo.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow, 10

Nor let thy heart lament to leive

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,

Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comliest fwain

That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid? 25

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow;

And why you melancholious weids

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30

O 'tis he the comely swain I flew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds, 35

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,

And weep around in waefull wife

His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to love? 45

And warn from fight? but to my sorrow

Too rashly bauld a stronger arm

Thou met'st, and and fel'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrowes bank the gowan, 50

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk, 55

The aple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

60

Buik ye, then buik, my bonny bonny bride,
Buik ye, buik ye, my winsome marrow,
Buik ye, and lufe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I buik 'a bonny bonny bride?

65

How can I buik a winsome marrow?

How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,

That flew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain',

Now dew thy tender bloffoms cover,

70

For there was basely slain my luve,

My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,

His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:

Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd

75

He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;

But ere the toofall of the night

He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

80

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;

I sang, my voice the woods returning:

But lang ere night the spear was flown,

That flew my luve, and left me mourning.

What

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strife with threatening words to move me:
My lover's blood is on thy spear, 95
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande lover. 100

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee! 110
Yet lye all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my breasts,

115

No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return and dry thy useless sorrow,

Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,

He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

120

XXVII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

— was written by the ingenious author of *LEONIDAS*, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22. 1739. — The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the *Bastimentos* near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See *Smollet's hist.*

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto - Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;

There

There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat;
 And his crews with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:

5

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells, and shrieks were heard;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

10

15

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale hands was seen to muster
 Rising from their watry grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

20

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this pierce where I was lost!
 Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

25

30

See

* *The Admiral's Ship.*

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping; 35
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told. 40

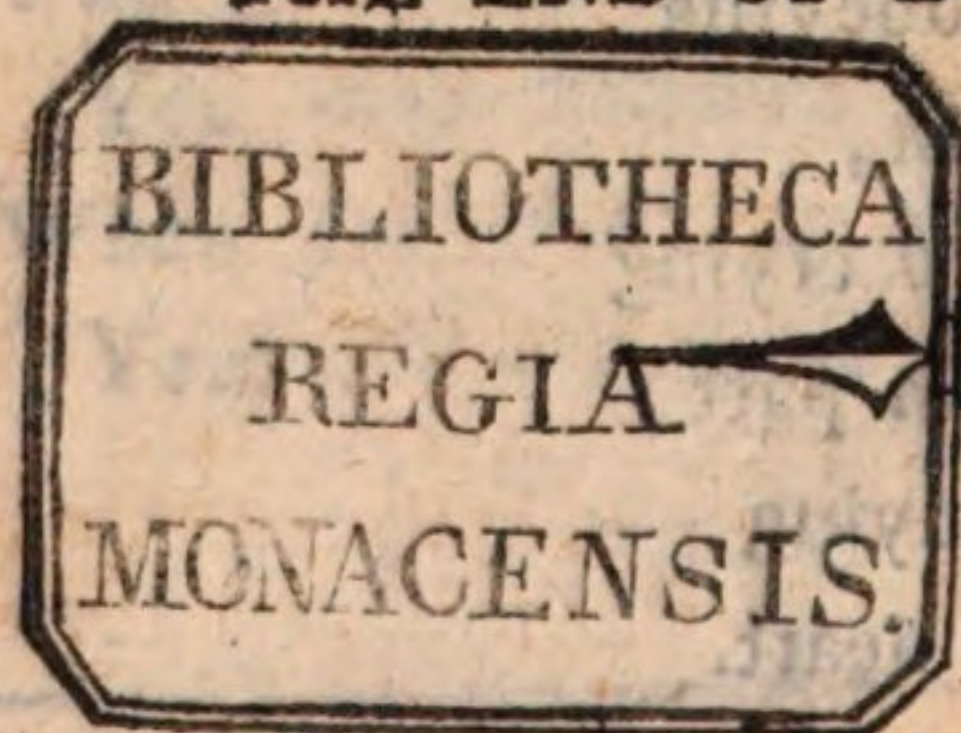
I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean 45
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!
For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done 50
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver 55
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom, 60
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory ,
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story ,
 And let Hoffer's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish
 Think what thousands fell in vain ,
 Wasted with disease and anguish ,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below ,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending ,
 Here I feed my constant woe :
 Here the bastimentos viewing ,
 We recal our shameful doom ,
 And our plaintive cries renewing ,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.
 O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest ,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request ;
 After this proud foe subduing ,
 When your patriot friends you see ,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin ,
 And for England sham'd in me.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.



A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A Deid of nicht. s. p. 87.
in dead of night.
Aboven ous. *above us.*
Advontry, advouterous. *adultery, adulterous.*
Ahte. *ought.*
Al. p. 5. albeit. *although.*
Alemaigne f. *Germany.*
Alyes. p. 27. *probably corrupted for algates, always.*
Ancient. *a flag, banner.*
Angel. *a gold coin worth 10 s.*
Ant. *and.*
Apliht. p. 10. alaplyht. *quite complete.*
Argabushe. *harquebussé, an oldfashioned kind of musket.*
Ase. *as.*
Attowre. s. *out over.*
Azein, agein. *against.*

B.

Bairded. s. *bearded.*
Bale, evil, mischief, misery.
Balow. s. *a nursery term, bush! lullaby! &c.*
Banning. *cursing. (in p. 166. it was baninge in MS.)*
Battes. *heavy sticks, clubs.*

Bayard. *a noted blind horse in the old romances.*
Be. s. by Be that. *by that time.*
Bearn, bairn. s. *child: also, human creature.*
Bed. p. 9. *bade.*
Bede. p. 17. *offer, engage.*
Befall. p. 61. *befallen.*
Befoir. s. *before.*
Belive. *immediately, presently.*
Ben. p. 11. *be, are.*
Bene. p. 12. *bean, an expression of contempt.*
Beoth. *be, are.*
Berthe prys. p. 7. *bare the prize.*
Besprent. *besprinkled.*
Bested. p. 228. *abode.*
Bewraies. *discovers, betrays.*
Bet. better. Bett. *did beat.*
Bi mi leauté. *by my loyalty, honesty.*
Birk. s. *birch tree.*
Blent. p. 110. *ceased.*
Blink. s. *a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.*
Boist. boisteris. s. *boast, boasters.*
Bonny. s. *handsome, comely.*
Boote. *gain, advantage.*

A GLOSSARY.

- Bot.** s. *but.* p. 147. *besides, moreover.*
Bot. s. *without.* **Bot.** dreid. *without dread, i.e. certainly.*
Bougils. s. *bugle horns.*
Bowne. *ready.*
Braes of Yarrow. s. *the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.*
Brade, braid. s. *broad.*
Braifly. s. *bravely.*
Brayd. s. *arose, hastened.*
Brayd attowre the bent. s. *hasted over the field.*
Brede. *breadth.* So *Chauc.*
Brimme. *publick, universally known.*
Brok her with winne. *enjoy her with pleasure.*
Brouch, *an ornamental trinket.*
Buen, bueth. *been, be, are.*
Buik. s. *book.*
Burgens. *buds, young shoots.*
Busk ye. s. *dress ye.*
But. *without.* **but let.** *without hindrance.*
But give. s. *but if, unless.*
Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*
Byre. *a cow-house.*
- C.
- Caliver.** *a kind of musket.*
Can curtefye. *know, understand good manners.*
Cannes. p. 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*
Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.*
Cantles, *pieces, corners.*
Capul. *a poor horse.*
Carpe. *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*
Carping. *reciting.*
Chayme. p. 56. *Cain.*
Che. (*Somerset dialect.*) *I.*
Cheis. s. *chuse.*
- Cheele.** p. 19. *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*
Chill. (*Som. dial.*) *I will.*
Choul. (*ditto.*) *I would.*
Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*
Clattered. *beat so as to rattle.*
Cleading. s. *cloathing.*
Clenking. *clinking, jingling.*
Clepe. *call.*
Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*
Cokeney. p. 23. *some dish now unknown. See Chaucer.*
Cold roft. (*a phrase*) *nothing to the purpose.*
Com. p. 8. *came.*
Comen of kinde p. 18. *come of a good breed.*
Con, can. 'gan, *began. Item,*
Con springe. *a phrase, sprung. Con fare, went, passed.*
Coote. p. 209. (*blazon the*) *coat.*
Cost. *coast, side.*
Cotydyallye. *daily, every day.*
Covetise. *covetousness.*
Could hear. *a phrase for bare.*
Could creip. s. *crept. Could say. said. Could weip. s. wept.*
Could his good. p. 214. *Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*
Couthen. p. 9. *knew.*
Croft. *an inclosure near a house.*
Croiz. *cross.*
Crouneth. p. 8. *crown ye.*
Crumpling. *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*
Cule. s. *cool.*
Cummer. s. *gossip, friend, fr.*
Commere, *compere.*
Cure. *care, heed, regard.*
- D.

A GLOSSARY.

D.

Dale. s. deal. p. 64. but give I
dale. *unleß I deal.*
Dampned. damned.
Darh. p. 10. perhaps for Thar,
there.
Darr'd. s. hit.
Dartthetrie. s. hit the tree.
Daukin. diminutive of Daniel:
or perhaps the same as Dob-
kin.
Daunger halt. coyneß holdeth.
Deare day. charming, pleasant
day.
Dede is do. p. 29. deed is done.
Deerlye dight. richly fitted
out.
Deimt. s. deem'd, esteem'd.
Deir. s. dear. Item: hurt, trou-
ble, disturb.
Dele. deal.
Deme, deemed, judge, doomed.
Dent. p. 17. a dint, blow.
Deol. dole, grief.
Dere, deere. aear: also, hurt.
Derked. darkened.
Dern. s. secret. p. 64. I' dern.
in secret.
Devyz. devise, the act of be-
queathing by will.
Deze, deye. die.
Dight: dicht. s. decked, dres-
sed, prepared, fitted out,
done, made.
Dyht. p. 10. to dispose, order.
Dill. still, calm, mitigate.
Dol. see Deol, Dule.
Doughtinesse of dent. sturdi-
ness of blows.
Drake. p. 19.
Drye. s. suffer.
Drowe. drew.
Dryng. drink.
Dude. did.
Dule. s. duel, dol. dole, grief.

Dyce. s. dice, chequer work.
Dyne. s. p. 90. dinner.

E.

Eard. s. earth.
Eikd. s. p. 66. added, enlarged.
Elvis h. peevish:—fantastical.
Ene. s. eyn. eyes. Ene. s. even.
Ensue. follow.
Entendement. f. understand-
ing.
Ententifly. to the entent, pur-
posely.
Er, ere. before. Ere. ear.
Ettled. aimed.

F.

Fader. Fatheris. s. father; fa-
ther's.
Fadge. s. a thick loaf of bread:
figuratively, any coarse heap
of stuff.
Fair. of feir. s. of a fair and
healthful look, Ramsey. Ra-
ther, far off (free from) fear.
Falsing. dealing in falsehood.
Fannes. p. 21. instruments for
winnowing corn.
Fare. go, pass, travel.
Fare. the price of a passage: p.
78. abusively, shot. recko-
ning.
Fauzt; faucht. s. fought. Item
fight.
Feil. s. p. 67. have failed.
Fell. p. 15. furious. p. 20. skin.
Fend. defend.
Fere. fear. Item companion,
wife.
Ferliet. s. wondered.
Ferly. wonder; also, wonder-
ful.
Fey. s. predestinated to death,
or some misfortune: under a
fatality.

A GLOSSARY.

Fie. s. *beasts, cattle.*
 Firth, Firth. s. *a wood.*
 Fitt. *division, part. See the end of this Glossary.*
 Fleyke, p. 105. *a large kind of burdle.*
 Flowan. s. *flowing.*
 Fond. *contrive: also, endeavour, try.*
 Force. p. 129. *no force. no matter.*
 Farced. *regarded, heeded.*
 Forefend. *avert, hinder.*
 For fought. p. 21. *through fighting: or perhaps for-fought, over fought.*
 Forwatch. *over-watched, kept awake.*
 Fors. p. 12. *I do no fors. I don't care.*
 Forst. p. 58. *heeded, regarded.*
 Fowkin. *a cant word for a fart.*
 Fox't. *drunk.*
 Frae thay begin. p. 64. *from their beginning: from the time they begin.*
 Freers, fryars. *friars, monks.*
 Freake, freke, freyke. *man, human creature.*
 Freyke. p. 106. *humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.*
 Freyned. *asked.*
 Frie. s. *fre. free.*

G.

Ga. gais. s. *go, goes.*
 Gaddlings. *gadders, idle fellows.*
 Galliard. *a sprightly kind of dance.*
 Gayed. *made gay (their cloaths)*
 Gear, gair. s. *goods, effects, stuff.*
 Geere will sway. p. 159. *this matter will turn out: affair terminate.*

Gederede. ys host. *gathered his host.*
 Gef, geve. *give.*
 Gest. p. 237. *act, feat, story, history. (It is Jest. in MS.)*
 Gie, gien, s. *give, given.*
 Gillore. (*Irish.*) *plenty.*
 Gimp, jimp. s. *neat, slender.*
 Girt. s. *pierced. Throughgirt. p. 60. pierced through.*
 Give. s. *giff. if.*
 Glaive. f. *sword.*
 Glie. s. *glee. merriment, joy.*
 Glist s. *glistered.*
 Gode, godness. *good, goodness.*
 God before. p. 70. *a form of blessing.*
 Good. p. 71. *sc. a good deal.*
 Gorget. *the dress of the neck.*
 Gowan. s. *the common yellow crowfoot, or goldcup.*
 Graithed (gowden) s. *was compared with gold.* 145
 Gree. f. *prize, victory.*
 Greened. *grew green.*
 Gret. p. 9. *great. p. 8. grieved, sorry.*
 Grippel. *gripping, tenacious, miserly.*
 Grownes. *grounds. p. 203. rhythmi gratia. (Vid. Sowne.)*
 Growte. *In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.*
 Grype. *a griffin.*
 Gurd. p. 18. *girded, lashed, &c.*
 Gybe. *jest, joke.*
 Gyles. s. *guiles.*
 Gyn. *engine, contrivance.*
 Gyse. s. *guise, form, fashion.*

H.

A GLOSSARY.

H.

- Ha.** *have.* *ha.* *s.* *hall.*
Habbe, *as he brew.* *p.* *4.* *have,* *as he brews.*
Haggis. *s.* *a sheep's stomach,* *stuff'd with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*
Hail, hale. *s.* *whole, altogether.*
Halt. *holdeth.*
Hame, hamward. *home, homeward.*
Han. *have.* *3.* *pers.* *plur.*
Hare .. *swerdes.* *d.* *4.* *their ..* *swords.*
Harnifine. *harnesß, armour.*
Harrowed. *harrassed, disturbed.*
Hav. *have.*
Haves. *(of)* *p.* *16.* *effects, substance, riches.*
Hawkin. *i. e.* *Hobkin, diminutive of Robert: unless it may rather be thought synonymous to Halkin, dimin. of. Harry.*
He. *p.* *20.* *hie, hasten.*
Hede. *p.* *17.* *bied.* *p.* *8.* *he'd, he would.* *p.* *33.* *heed.*
Hed. *head.*
Heare, here. *p.* *59.* *hair.*
Heil. *s.* *hele. health.*
Hecht to lay thee law. *s.* *promised, engaged to lay thee low.*
Heicht. *s.* *height.*
Heiding-hill. *s.* *the 'heading [i. e. beheading] bill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.*
Helen, heal.
Helpeth. *help ye.*
Hem. *them.*
Henne. *hence.*
Hent, hente. *beld, laid hold of: also, received.*
Her. *p.* *17.* *23.* *28.* *their.*
Here. *p.* *5.* *their.* *p.* *55.* *hear.* *p.* *35.* *hair.*
Herkneth. *hearken ye.*
Hert, hart; hertis. *heart; hearts.*
Hes. *s.* *has.*
Het. *hot.*
Hether. *s.* *heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in* *p.* *92.*
Heuch. *s.* *a rock or steep hill.*
Hevede, hevedest. *had, hadest.*
Heveriche, heavenriche. *heavenly.*
Heyze. *high.* **Heyd.** *s.* *bied.*
Hicht, a-hicht. *s.* *on height.*
Hie dames to wail. *s.* *p.* *90.* *high [or, great] ladies too wail; Or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.*
Hight. *promised, engaged: also, named.*
Hilt. *taken off, flead.* **Sax.** *hildan.*
Hinch-boys. *payes of honour, men that went on foot attending on persons in office.*
Hinny. *s.* *honey.*
Hit. *it.* *hit be write.* *p.* *8.* *it be written.*
Holden. *hold.*
Holtis. *hair.* *s.* *hoar hills.*
Holy-roode, *holy cross.*
Honden wrynge. *hands wring.*
Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and halting.*
Houzele. *give the sacrament.*
Howeres, howers. *hours.*
Huerte. *heart.*
Hye, hiest. *high, highest.*
Hynd attowre. *s.* *behind, over, or about.*
His, bis; also, is.
Hyt,

A GLOSSARY.

Hyt, hytt. *it.*
 Hyznes. *highness.*

I.

Janglers. *talkative persons, telltales.*
 I-lore, *lost.* I-strike. *stricken.*
 I-trowe. [*I believe.*] *verily.*
 I-wisse. [*I know,*] *verily.*
 Ich. *I.* Ich biqueth. *I bequeath.*
 Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*
 Ilk: *this ilk. s. this same.*
 Ilke. p. 18. *every ilke. every one.*
 Inowe. *enough.*
 Into. *s. in.*
 Jo. *s. sweet-heart, friend.*
 Ioo, p. 20. *should probably be loo, i. e. haloo!*
 Is. p. 4. *his.*
 Ise. *s. I shall.*
 Itsneir. *s. p. 85. It shall ne'er.*
 Jupe. *s. p. 90. an upper garment. fr. a petticoat.*

K.

Keipand. *s. keeping.*
 Kempes. *soldiers, warriors.*
 Kend. *s. knew.*
 Kene. *keen.*
 Keynd. *s. p. 63. If this is "kind:", then in the next ver. we should probably read bauld and free. Or perhaps keynd is corrupt for kem'd, combed, dressed out: or ken'd, known, proved.*
 Kid, kithed. *made known, shown.*
 Kind, kinde. *nature. p. 15. To carpe is our kind. it is natural for us to talk of.*
 Kith and kin. *acquaintance and kindred.*

Kye. *kine, cows.*
 Kyrtel, kirtle. *petticoat.*
 Kythe. *appear; also, make appear, shew, declare.*
 Kythed. p. 268. *appeared.*

L.

Layd unto her. p. 213. *imputed to her.*
 Lasse. *less.*
 Layne. *lien: also, laid.*
 Leek. p. 60. *phrase of contempt.*
 Leil. *s. loyal, honest, true.*
 Leiman, leman. *lover, mistress.*
 Leir. *s. lere. learn.*
 Lenger. *longer.*
 Lengeth in p. 228. *resideth in.*
 Lett, latte. *hinder. p. 21. slaken, leave off.*
 Lever. *rather.*
 Leves and bowes. p. 35. *leaves and boughs.*
 Leugh, leugh, *s. laughed.*
 Leyke, like. p. lay. p. 106, 230
 Lie. *s. lee. p. 92. field, plain.*
 Liege-men. *vassals, subjects.*
 Lightly. *easily.*
 Lodlye. *loathsome.*
 Loo. *haloo!*
 Lore. *lesson, doctrine, learning.*
 Lore. *lost.*
 Lorrel. *a sorry, worthless person.*
 Losel. *ditto.*
 Loud and still. *phr. at all times.*
 Lought; lowe. *laughed.*
 Lowns. *s. p. 87. blazes.*
 Lowte, lout. *bow, stoop.*
 Lude, luid, luit. *s. loved.*
 Luiks. *s. looks.*
 Lyard. *nimble. p. 19. probably the name of some noted horse in the old romances.*
 Lys. *lies.*
 Lythe. p. 137. *easy, gentle.*
 Lyven

A GLOSSARY.

Lyven na more, *live no more, no longer.*

M.

Maden. *made.*

Making. p. 44. *sc. verses: versifying.*

Marrow. s. *equal.*

Mart. s. *marred, hurt, damaged.*

Mane, maining, s. *moan, moaning.*

Mangonel. *an engine used for discharging great stones before the invention of gunpowder.*

Margarite. *a pearl. lat.*

Maugre. p. 4. *spite of. p. 64. ill-will (I incur).*

Me. p. 9. *men. Me con. men 'gan.*

Me-thunchet. *methinks.*

Meane. *moderate, middle-sized.*

Meit. s. *meet. fit, proper.*

Meid. s. p. 90. *mood.*

Meise. s. *soften, reduce, mitigate. p. 93.*

Mell. *honey. Lat. Mel.*

Mense the faucht. s. *measure the battle. To give to mense, is to give above the measure.*

Twelve and one tho the mense, *is common with children in their play. p. 89.*

Menzie. s. *meaney. retinue, company.*

Messenger. f. *messenger.*

Mirke. s. *dark, black.*

Mirry. s. *meri. merry.*

Miskaryed. *miscarried.*

Mister. s. *to need.*

Mo, moe. *more.*

Moiening. *by means of. fr.*

Mome. *a dull, stupid person.*

Mone. *moon.*

More, mure. s. *moor, marshy ground.*

Mores. *hills. p. 4. mores and the fenne. q. d. hill and dale.*

Morne. p. 64. *the morn. on the morrow: in the morning.*

Mornyng. p. 42. *mourning.*

Mote I thee. *might I thrive.*

Mowe. *may.*

Muchele boft. *nickle boast, great boast.*

Mude. s. *mood.*

Mulne. *mill.*

Murne, murnt, murning. s. *mourn, mourned, mourning.*

Myzt; myzty. *might; mighty.*

N.

Natheles. *nevertheless.*

Neat. *oxen, cows, large cattle.*

Neatherd. *a keeper of cattle.*

Neatresse. *a female ditto.*

Neir. s. *ner, nere. ne'r, never.*

Nere. p. 228. *ne were; were it not for.*

Nest; nyest. *next; nearest.*

Noble. *a gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.*

Nom. p. 8. *took. Nome. name.*

Non. *none. None. noon.*

Nonce. *purpose. for the nonce. for the occasion.*

Norlan. s. *northern.*

Norse. s. *Norway.*

Nou. *now.*

Nout: nocht. s. *nought: also, not. Nout. p. 10. seems for 'ne mought.'*

Nowght. *nought.*

Nowls. *noddles, heads.*

O.

Ocht. s. *ought.*

Oferling. *superior, paramount; opposed to underling.*

A GLOSSARY.

On. p. 43. *one*, *an*.
 On-lofte. p. 18. *aloft*.
 Or. *ere*, *before*.
 Orifons. s. *prayers*. f. *oraisons*
 Ou, oure. p. 7. *you*, *your*. *ibid*.
our.
 Out alas! *exclamation of grief*.
 Owene: *awen*, *ain*. s. *own*.

P.

Pardè, perdie. *verily*. f. *par dieu*.
 Pees. *pese*. *peace*.
 Pele. *a baker's peel*.
 Pentarchye of tenfes. *five tenfes*.
 Perchmine. f. *parchment*.
 Per fay. s. *verily*. f. *par foy*.
 Perkin. *diminutive of Peter*.
 Perfit. s. *pearced*. *pierced*.
 Petye. *pity*.
 Peyn. *pain*.
 Pibrochs. s. *Highland wartunes*.
 Pilch. p. 20. *a vestment made of skins*.
 Playand. s. *playing*.
 Plett. s. *platted*.
 Plowmell. p. 2.
 Poll-cat. *a cant word for a whore*.
 Powlls. *polls*, *heads*.
 Prest. f. *ready*.
 Priefe. p. 73. *prove*.
 Prove. p. 39. *proof*.
 Prude. p. 4. *pride*.
 Puinch. s. *pulling*.
 Purchased. p. 12. *procured*.
 Purvayed. *provided*.

Q.

Quat. s. *quitted*.
 Quaint. p. 190. *cuning*. p. 205.
nice. p. . *fantastical*.

Quel. p. 106. *cruel*, *murderous*.
 Quillets. *quibbles*. l. *quidlibet*.
 Quyle. s. *while*.
 Quyt. s. *quite*.
 Qwyknit. s. *quickend*, *restored to life*.

R.

Rae. *a roe*.
 Raik. s. *to go apace*. Raik on
raw. *go fast in a row*.
 Raught. *reached*, *gained*, *obtained*.
 Rea'me. *realm*.
 Rede, redde. p. 9. *read*.
 Rede, read. p. 29. *advise*, *advice*.
 Redresse. p. 60. *cave*, *labour*.
 Reve, reve, reeve. *bailiff*.
 Reid. s. *advise*.
 Remeid. s. *remedy*.
 Rescous. *rescues*.
 Reve. p. 19. *bereave*, *deprive*.
 Revers. s. *robbers*, *pirates*, *rovers*.
 Rew. s. *take pity*.
 Rise. p. 230. *shoot*, *bush*, *shrub*.
 Rive. p. 234. *rise*, *abounding*.
 Rood loft, *the place in the church where the images were set up*.
 Rudd. *ruddiness*; *complexion*.
 Rude. s. *rood*. *cross*.
 Ruel bones. p. 18. *bones diversly coloured*. f. *riolè*.
query.
 Rugged. p. 23. *pulled with violence*.
 Rushy. s. p. 67. *should be rashy*. *gair*. *rushy stuff*; *ground covered with rushes*.
 Ruthe. p. 39. *pity*. p. 172.
moe.
 Rywe. *rue*.

S.

A GLOSSARY.

S.

Saif. s. *save*. Savely. *safely*.
 Saifede. *seized*.
 Say, p. 27. *assay*, attempt.
 Scant. *scarce*.
 Schaw. s. *show*.
 Shene. s. *shene*: *shining*; It. *brightness*.
 Schiples. s. *shipless*.
 Scho. s. *she*.
 Schuke. s. *hook*.
 Sclat. *slate*: p. 12. *little table-book of slates to write upon*.
 Scot. tax, revenue. p. 5. *a year's tax of the kingdom*.
 Se; fene; feyng. *see*; *seen*; *seeing*.
 Se, fees. s. *sea*, *seas*.
 Sely, feely. *silly*, *simple*.
 Selven. *self*.
 Selven, filler. s. *silver*.
 Sen. s. *since*.
 Senvy. *mustard-seed* f. *fenvie*.
 Seve. p. 234. *seven*.
 Sey yow. p. 11. *say to*, *tell you*.
 Seid. s. *saw*.
 Shave, p. 59. *be shaven*. *been shaven*.
 Sheeve. *a great slice or luncheon of bread*. p. 204.
 Shimmr'd. *glittered*.

Shirt of male. *coat of mail*.
 Sho. s. *she*.
 Shope. p. 225. *betook me*, *shaped my course*.
 Shorte. s. *shorten*.
 Shrive. *confess*. Item, *hear confession*.
 Shynand. s. *shining*.
 Shurting. *recreation*, *diversion*, *pastime*. Vid. *Gaw*, *Dougl*, *Gloss*.
 Shunted. *shunned*.
 Sich, sic. s. *such*. Sich. s. *sigh*.
 Side. s. p. 235. *long*.
 Sindle. s. *seldom*.
 Sitteth. *sit ye*.
 Six-mens songs. p. 23. *a song for six voices* *.
 Skaith, scath. *harm*, *mischief*.
 Skalk. p. 105.
 Skinker. *one that serves drink*.
 Skinkled. s. *glittered*.
 Skomfit. *discomfit*.
 Skot. *shot*, *reckoning*.
 Slattered. *slit*, *broke into splinters*.
 Sle. flea, fley, flo. *slay*.
 Sonde. *a present*.
 Sone. soon. p. 9. son. p. .
 sun.
 Sonn. p. 265. *sun*.
 Soth, sooth. *truth*; also, *true*.
 Soothly. *truly*.

Souling.

* So Shakespear. uses, THREE MAN SONG MEN in his Winter's Tale. A. 3. sc. 3. to denote men that could sing chatches composed for three voices. Of these sort are Weelkes's madrigals mentioned above in p. 170. A learned friend doubts whether the original phrase was not SIX-MUNS SONG, &c. MUN signifies *Mouth* in all the northern dialects, and is still so used in the north of England. But Shakesp. has THREE-MAN BEETLE. i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. 4. A. 1. sc. 3.

A GLOSSARY.

- Souling. p. 204. *victualling*.
 Sowle is. *still used in the north for anything eaten with bread.* A. S. Suple. Supol. Job. 21. 5.
 Sowne. sound. p. 45. (*rhythmi gr.*)
 Spec. spak, spack. s. *spake*.
 Spence. *expence*.
 Spilt. s. *spoilt*.
 Spole. *shoulder*. f. *espaule*. p. 162. *it seems to mean "arm-pit."*
 Stalwart. *stout*.
 Startopes. *buskins worn by rustics, laced down before*.
 Stead, stede. *place*.
 Steir. s. *stir*.
 Stel. *steel*. steilly. s. *steely*.
 Stound. *time*. a stound, *a while*.
 Stoup. of weir. s. *pillar of war*.
 Strike. p. 12. *stricken*.
 Stra, strae. s. *straw*.
 Suthe, fwith. *soon, quickly*.
 Suore by ys chyn. *sworn by his chin*.
 Sware. *swearing, oath*.
 Swa, fa. *so*.
 Swarvde, fwarved. *climbed*.
 Swaird. *the grassy surface of the ground*.
 Swearde, fwerd. *sword*.
 Swevens. *dreams*.
 Swipping. p. 21. *striking fast*.
 Swipples. p. 21.
 Swinkers. *labourers*.
 Swyving. *whoring*.
 Syke. *figh*.
 Syn. *since*. Syne. s. *then*.
 Syfhemell. p. 56. *Iskmael*.
 Syth. *since*.
 T.
 Take. p. 24. *taken*.
 Taken. s. p. 92. *token, sign*.
 Targe. *target, shield*.
 Te. to. *to make*. p. 3. *to make*.
 Te he! *interjection of laughing*.
 Tent. s. *heed*.
 Terry. *perhaps diminutive of Theodore*.
 Tha. p. 22. *them*. Thah. *though*.
 Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there*.
 The. *thee*.
 The God. p. 24. *seems contracted for The he. i. d. high God*.
 Thii. p. 234. *they*.
 Thi sone. p. 9. *thy son*.
 Thilke. *this*.
 Thirtowmonds. s. *these twelve months*.
 Tho. then p. 31. *those*.
 Thole; tholed. *suffer; suffered*.
 Thouft. *thou shalt, or shouldst*.
 Thrang. s. *throng*.
 Thrawis. s. *throes*.
 Thritti thousent. *thirty thousand*.
 Thrie. s. thre. *three*.
 Thrif. *thrive*.
 Thrucl, through. s. *through*.
 Thud. p. 92. *noise of a fall*.
 Tibbe. *diminutive of Tabitha: or perhaps invertedly for Bidde, diminutive of Bridget*.
 Tift. s. *puff of wind*.
 Tild down. p. 231. *pitched*.
 qu.
 Till. s. to. p. 16. *when, query*.
 Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy*.
 Tint. s. *lost*.
 To-fall. s. *twilight*.
 Traiterye. *treason*.
 Trie. s. tre. *tree*.
 Trichard.

A GLOSSARY.

Trichard. *treacherous*. f. tri-
cheur.

Triethen. *trick, deceive*.

Through. *trouth, troth*.

Trow. *think, believe*.

Trumped. p. 15. *perhaps tram-
ped, trampled*.

Trumps. p. 20.

Tuke gude keip. s. *kept a close
eye upon her*.

Turnes a crab. *sc. at the fire :
roasts a crab*.

Twirtle twist. s. p. 86. *tho-
roughly twisted : "twisted,"
or "twirled twist," f. tor-
tillè*.

V.

Vair. *Somersetsh, dialect. fair*.

Valziant. s. *valiant*.

Vazem. *Som. perhaps, faith*.

Uch. *each*.

Vive. p. 268. *Som. five*.

Unbethought. *bethought*.

Uncertain. s. p. 63. *doubtful,
or perhaps, in certain, i. e.
for certain*.

Unmusit. s. *undisturbed, un-
confounded, perh. unmuvit*.

Unsonie. s. *unlucky, unfortu-
nate*.

Vriers. *Som. friers. p. 241. (it
is Vicars. in PCC.)*

Uthers. s. *others*.

W.

Wa. s. p. 82. *may. p. 145. wall*

Waine. *waggon*.

Wallowit. s. *faded, withered*.

Wame. s. *womb*.

Wan. *neir. s. drew near*.

Wanruse. s. *uneasy*.

Warant wys. *wary and wise*.

Ward. s. *watch, sentinel*.

Warke. s. *work*.

World. s. *world*.

Waryd. s. *accursed*.

Wate. s. *weete, wete, wit,
witte, wot, wote, wotte,
know*.

Weale, weel, weil, wele, s.
well.

Weet. s. *wet*.

Weit. s. *wede weed. cloaths,
clothing*.

Weit. s. p. 85. *with it*.

Weldynge. *ruling*.

Weind. s. *wende, went, ween-
de. weened, thought*.

Wene; wenest. *ween; weenest*

Wend, wenden. *go*.

Wende. *went. p. 9. wendeth,
goeth*.

Wer. *were*.

Wereth. p. 228. *defendeth*.

Werre: weir. s. *war. Waris.
s. war's*.

Wes. *was*.

Westlin. s. *western*.

Wheder. p. 30. *whither*.

Whelyng. *wheeling*.

Whig. *sour whey, or butter-
milk*.

Wildings. *wild apples*.

Wirke wislier. *work more wi-
sely*.

Wispes and kixes. p. 22. *whi-
spes and kexes*.

Wifs; wist. *know; knew*.

Withouten. *without*.

Wobster. s. *webster. weaver*.

Wode-ward. p. 36. *towards
the wood*.

Woe worth. *woe be to [thee.]*

Won. *wont, usage*.

Wote, wot. *know. I wote. ve-
rily*.

Worshipfully frended. p. 213
of worshipful friends.

Wreake.

A GLOSSARY.

Wreake, pursue revengefully.
 Wrench, s. wretchedness.
 Wrouzt, wrought.
 Wynnén, win, gain.
 Wisse, p. 8. direct, govern,
 take care of, A. S. *firran* :

Y.

Y. I. Y syngē, I sing.
 Yae, s. each.
 Y-beare; Y-boren, beare; borne, s. Y-founde, found. Y-mad, made. Y-wonne, won.
 Y-core, chosen.
 Y-wis, [I know] verily.
 Y-zote, molten, melted.
 Yalping, s. yelping.
 Ycholde, yef. I should, if.
 Yearded, p. 232.
 Yede, yode, went.
 Yfere, together.

Yf, if.
 Yll, ill.
 Yn, house, home.
 Ys, p. 10. is. p. 4. his. p. 8. in vis.

Z.

Zacring bell, Som. Sacring bell, a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host. (It is Zeering in PCC.)
 Zee: zeene. Som. see: seen.
 Zef, yef, if.
 Zeirs, s. years.
 Zeme, take care of, A. S. *ze-mian*.
 Zent, through, A. S. *zeond*.
 Zestrene, s. yester-e'en.
 Zit, s. zet, yet.
 Zoud, s. you'd, you would.
 Zule, s. yule, christmas.
 Zung, s. young.

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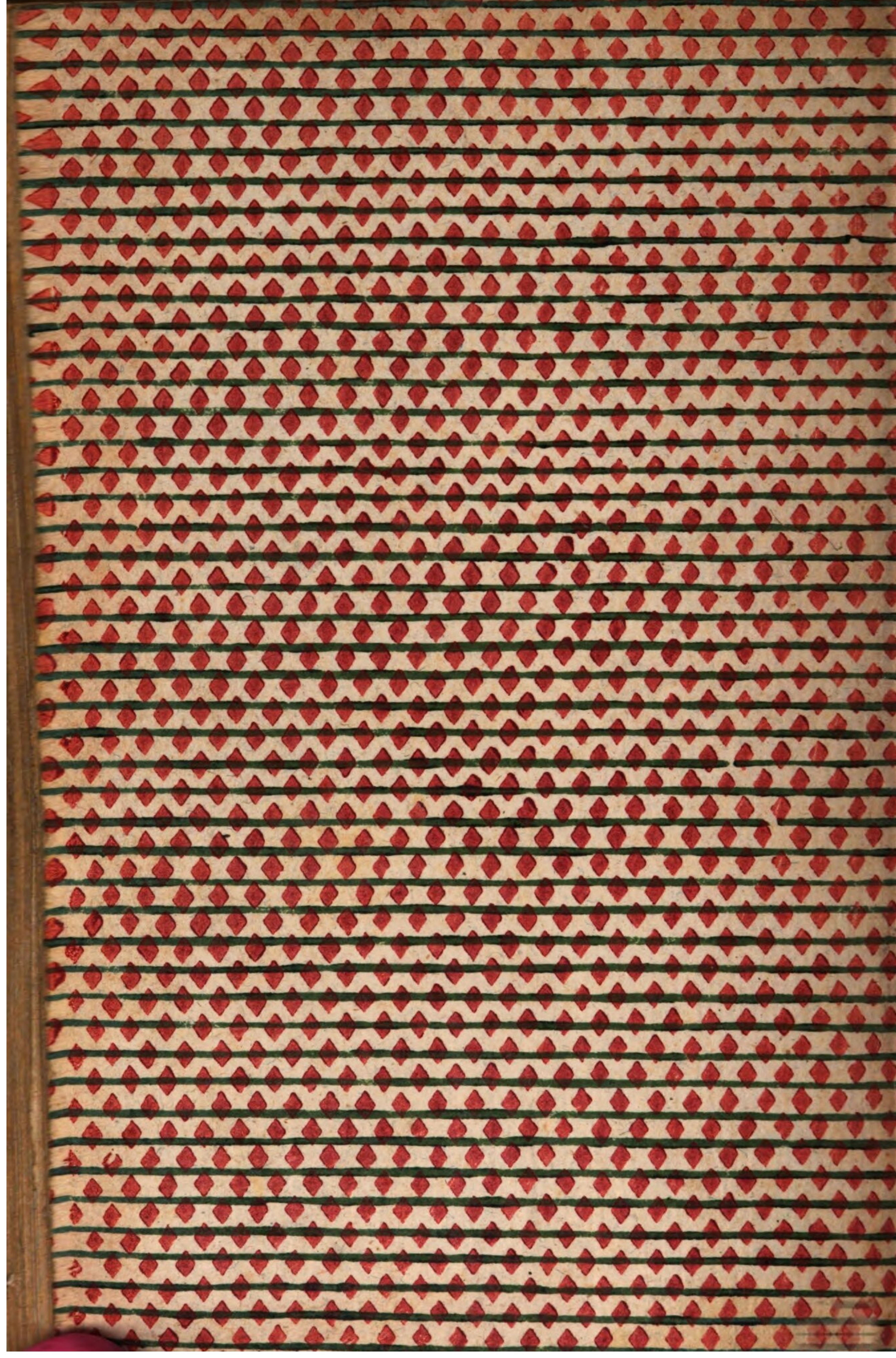
Since page 154 was printed off, reasons have offered, which lead us to think that the word *FIT*, originally signified "a poetic strain, verse," or "poem,"; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon Writers. Thus *K. Ælfred* in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, *Dape wisdom tha thaƿ fette arunzen hæƿde*, p. 65. i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [FITS] verses." And in the *Proem*. to the same book *Fon on fette*, "Put into [FIT] verse." So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feond on fette*, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem."

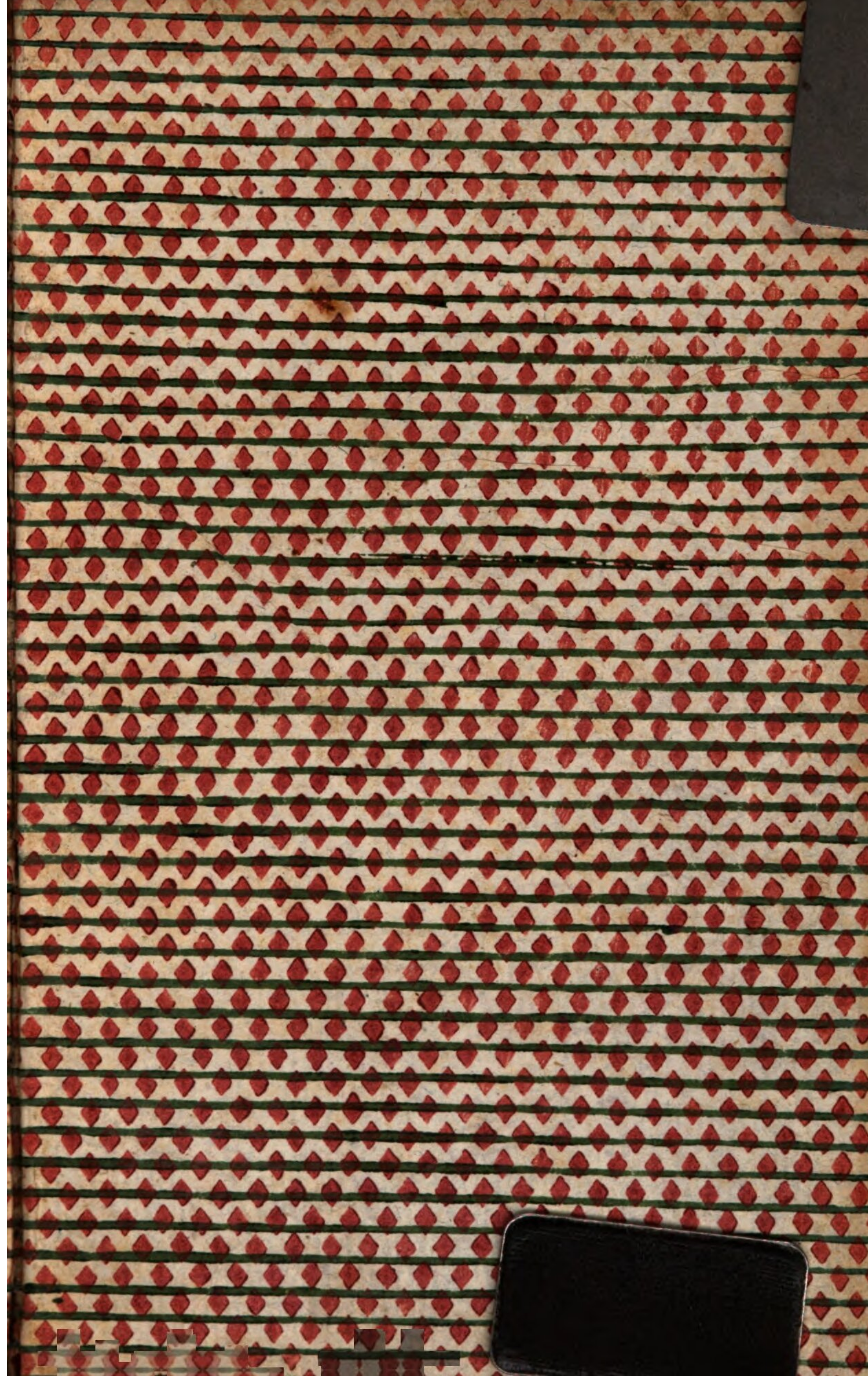
Spenser has used the same word to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem, *COLIN Clouts come home again*, where he says, *The Shepherd of the ocean* [*Sir Walt. Raleigh*]

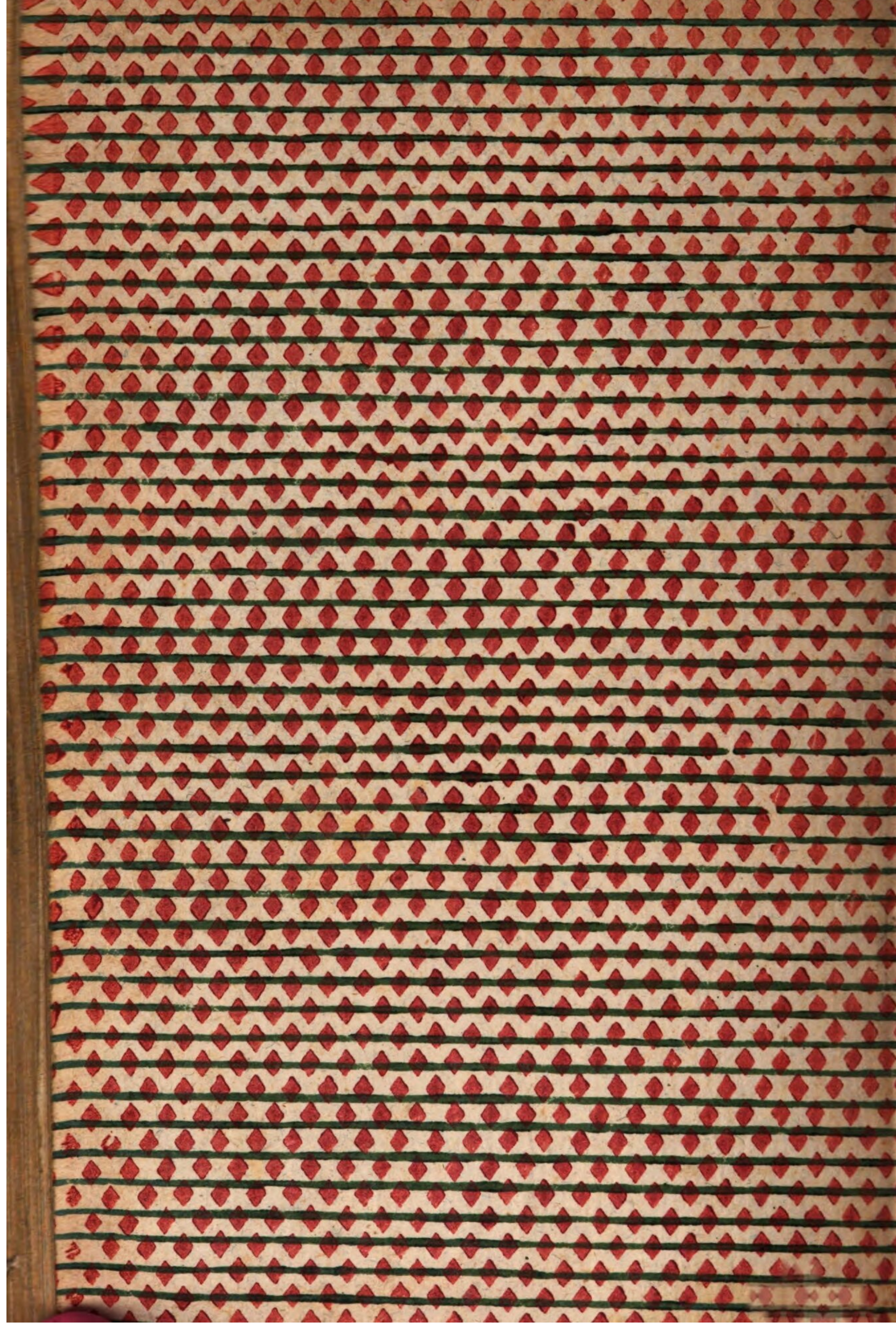
Provoked me to play some pleasant *FIT*,
 And when he heard the musick which I made
 He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.
Various instances will be found in the next volume. See the Gloss.

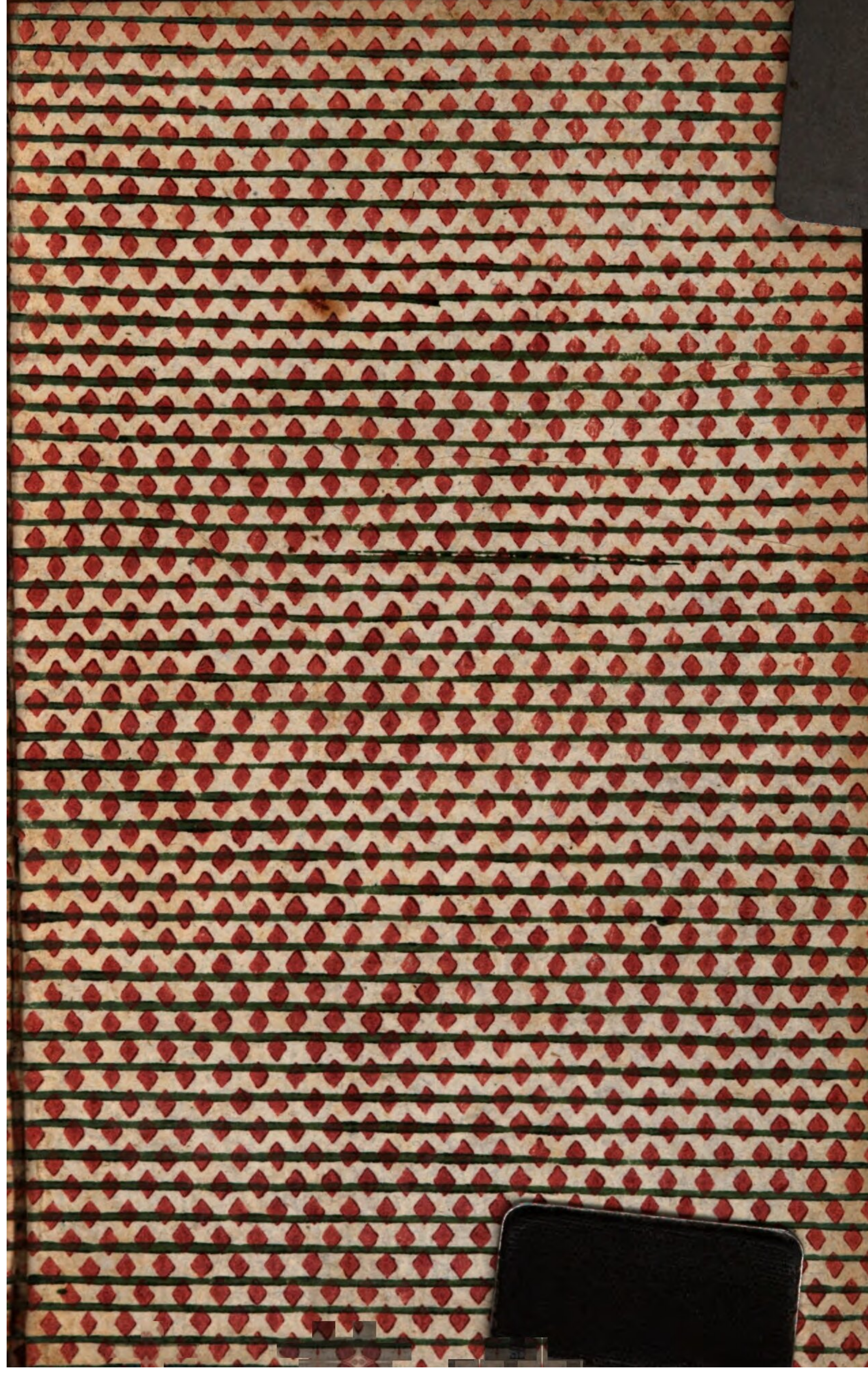
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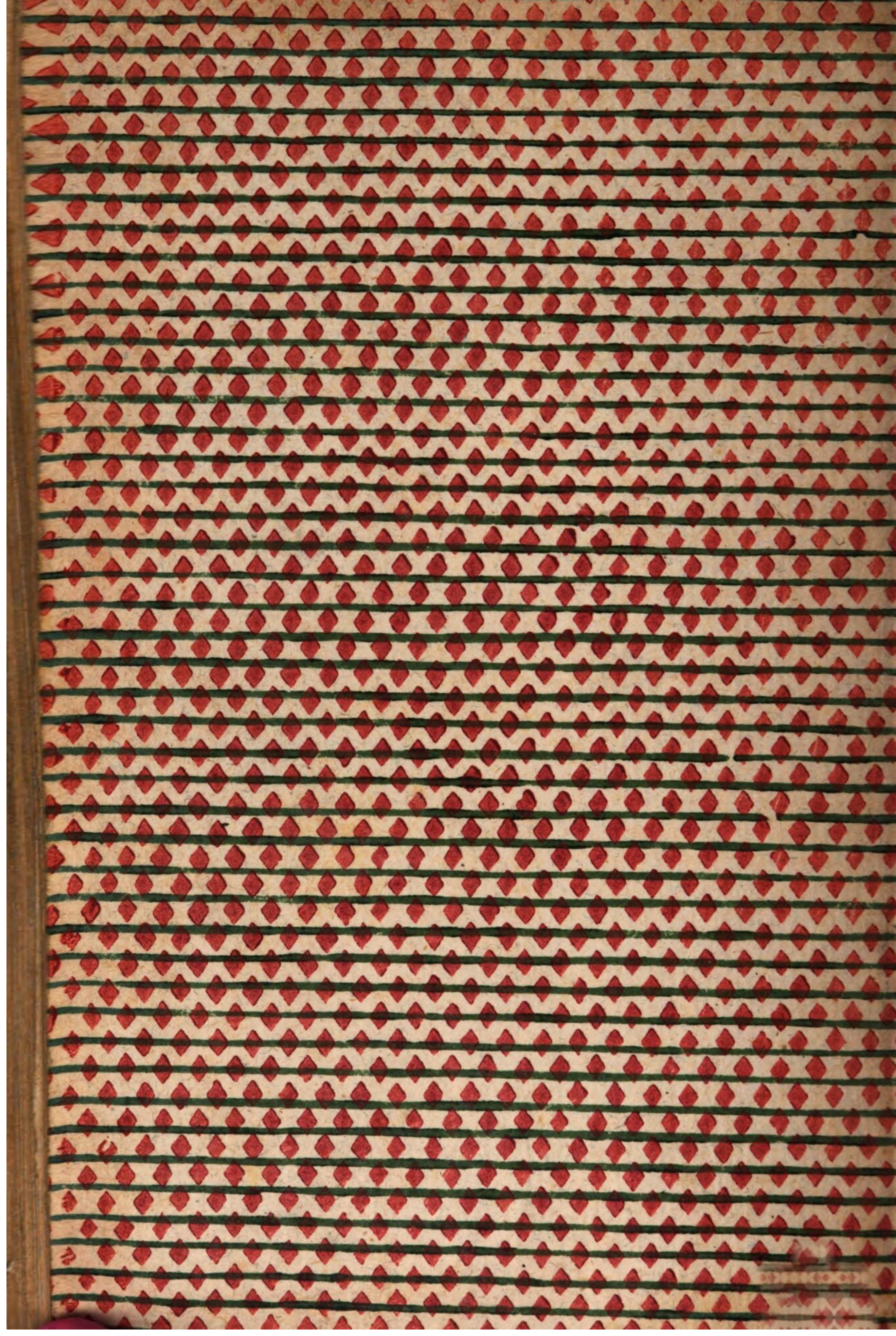


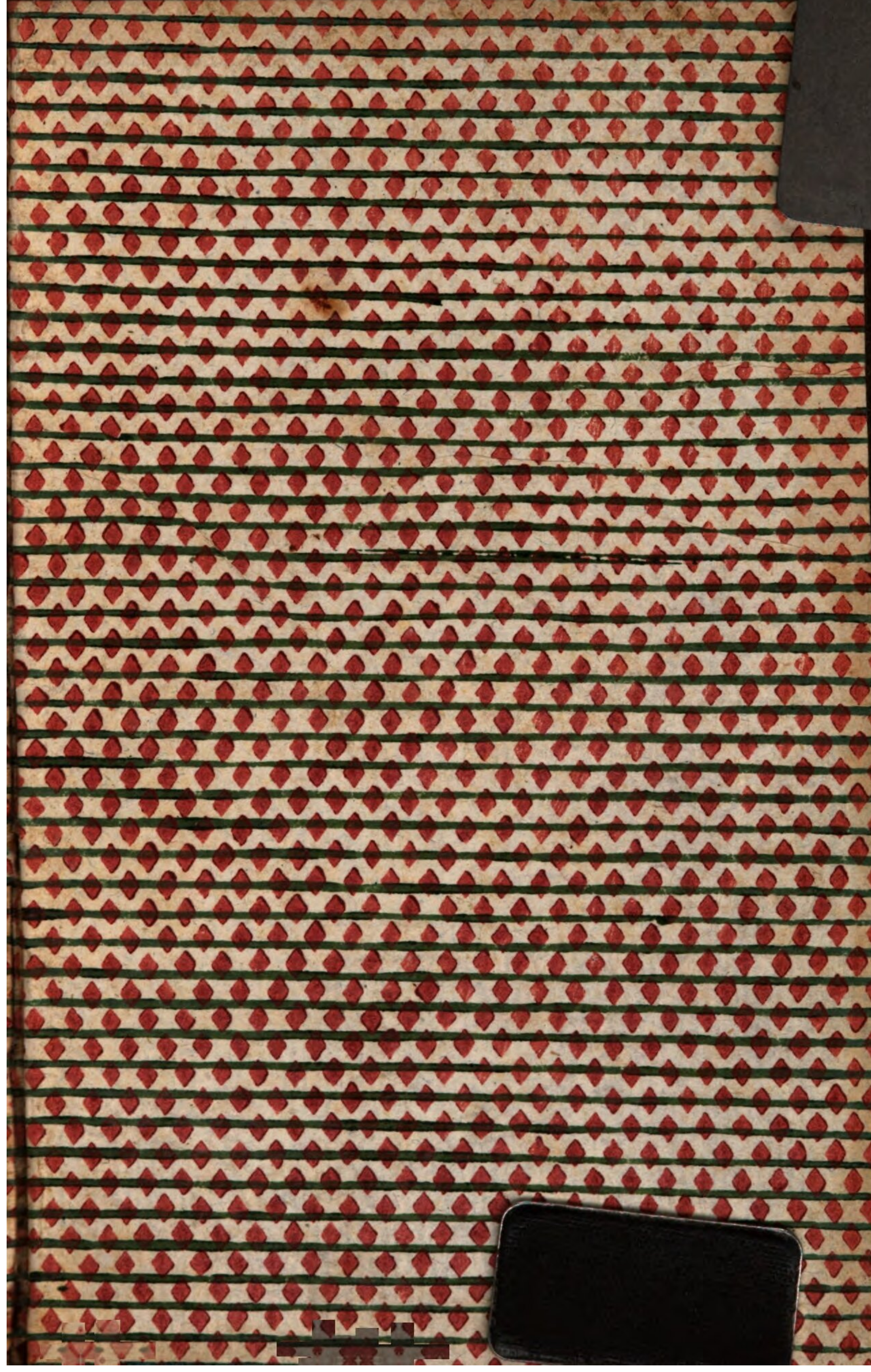














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